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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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At the Theatres.

Saturday night W. E. Sheridan appeared as Louis XI. at the Star. The house was light and the actor's surroundings were wretched; notwithstanding these drawbacks — serious enough to dampen the ardor of a less conscientious artist—Mr. Sheridan gave a truly enjoyable impersonation, which stimulated interest and heightened the very favorable impression he created on the occasion of his preceding appearance.

In no particular is his Louis similar to that of Irving. To begin with, Sheridan uses a translation of the drama which retains the poetic symmetry of the French original. It is the version adopted by the late E. L. Davenport, and it is in many respects superior to Dion Boucicault's adaptation, which Irving uses. Sheridan's conception of the crafty, fickle, crime stained monarch is consistent throughout, and well accords with the Louis of history. Irving makes him a vacillating, petulant dotard. Sheridan presents the picture of a depraved and cunning schemer, whose vanity, cruelty and physical decrepitude are the result of physical suffering as well as of a bad nature developed by moral obliquity. In the scene with Marie at the close of the second act and in the terrible interview with Nemours, where the latter, with his dagger at the miserable king's breast, recites his wrongs to the terror-stricken tyrant, Sheridan rose to a point of absolute dramatic grandeur. His death scene was extremely effective, the spectators being thrilled by its startling realism. After each act, and at the close of the play, the actor was summoned before the curtain with tumultuous applause; the assemblage making up in enthusiasm for what it lacked in numbers. We would not like to say that the performance was more enjoyable than Irving's, because while the star was off the stage the moments passed tediously; but we are quite certain that the English actor, bereft of his scenery and his trained supporters, and surrounded by the same dispiriting accessories that Sheridan wrestled against, would be far less acceptable in the part.

Of the company only John A. Lane as Coitier, Byron Douglass as Oliver, Owen Fawcett as Marcel and Louise Davenport as Marie, contributed worthy aid to the efforts of the central performer. The rest were earnest enough, to be sure but their labor was conventional in some instances and actually bad in others.

Mr. Sheridan repeated Louis XI on Christmas day and evening. The houses were good and his acting was received with marked favor. On Saturday night he will appear again.

* * *

On Monday Mr. Booth played Othello. Although this is one of our tragedian's most thoughtful impersonations, like Lear, it fails to draw the public. One reason is that people have formed the opinion that the Moor cannot be satisfactorily acted save by a human bullock. They want a muscular, vociferous actor for the part. While there is no foundation for this view, except that Salvini has popularized the idea, its existence cannot be denied. The Star Theatre was by no means full, but Mr. Booth acted with remarkable effect, and succeeded in drawing forth frequent tokens of appreciation. Mr. Plympton's Iago was a fairly good piece of acting.

Last night Othello was repeated, Mr. Booth appearing as Iago and W. E. Sheridan as the Moor. Thursday and Friday The Merchant of Venice and Taming of the Shrew will be given. Next week the announcements include Macbeth and Hamlet.

* * *

Stevens and Murtha had a most auspicious inaugural of their management at the New Park on Monday night. The attendance was sufficiently numerous to please the senior member of the firm in his managerial capacity, and the people's loudly expressed delight with his acting as the hero of Passion's Slave and with the piece itself endorsed [illegible] literary aspirations. Not many [illegible] reviewed Passion's Slave at [illegible] length, on the occasion of its first production in New York at the [illegible] Windsor Theatre. We then pronounced it a commonplace, stirring melodrama, containing enough of the purely sensational element to please the cravings of the mass of theatre-goers. The central character is strongly hewn, and its development is quite impressive. The dialogue is not remarkable for freshness or super-excellence, but it answers the purpose of the drama very well indeed. The play should not be measured by [illegible] standard. It was written for the people, and their approval—not that of the critics—was its author's aim. In possessing that he has achieved what he sought.

Great care was taken with the mounting, which was in every respect adequate. The cast of parts was eminently satisfactory. Mr. Stevens had the sympathies of the house as Manuel De Foe, and Eleanor Carey achieved a success as Mamie. Week after next Annie Pixley as M'liss.

* * *

Pop drew a good house to the Fourteenth Street Theatre Monday evening. The spectators were in holiday humor and the comedy conceit never excited more mirth at a representation in this city. Mr. Mackay, as the burlesque dramatic author, was in the best of trim and his funniments elicited approval. Pretty Kate Castleton plied her arts with considerable effect, and her songs, with their *piquante* byplay, were cleverly rendered. Irene Perry, George Fortescue and the other members of the party contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. Pop will be succeeded at this house by the ever-welcome John T. Raymond. He will illustrate life In Paradise after his own inimitably humorous manner.

* * *

New Yorkers never grow tired of Sam'l of Posen. They are turning out in force this week to greet Mr. Curtis, as the Drummer, at the Third Avenue Theatre. The impersonation is as fresh and laughter-creating as ever. Of the company, there is no occasion to speak individually, as they have been noticed recently in these columns. Suffice it to say that they worthily aid the star. Salsbury's Troubadours appear next week.

* * *

The merry Bunch of Keys at the People's Monday drew a good house. The Sparks never scintillated more brightly. The *personnel* of the troupe is somewhat different than when we last saw it here, but the performance is quite as good—in some respects better. Charles Bowser is the Snaggs, and we do not exaggerate when we say he makes the landlord funnier than Edouin did. Mr. Bowser is a capital comedian—his methods are broad and his humor expansive. The trials and tribulations of the embryo hotel-keeper were so amusingly portrayed that the house was kept in an almost incessant roar of laughter. Lina Merville as Teddy and Anna Brevoat as May fairly shared the honors among the ladies. Marietta Nash, a pleasing soubrette, looked pretty and played vivaciously as Dolly. The Keys will no doubt draw full houses throughout the week.

* * *

Tony Pastor celebrated the holidays by taking the Academy for Christmas night and giving a memorable variety entertainment therein. A seasonable comic sketch called The Mother Goose Party, and introducing divers personages familiar in nursery rhymes, was presented, the fun being chiefly manufactured by Jacques Kruger and Bonnie Ruennlls. All sorts of specialists appeared. William Carroll picked his banjo and uttered quaint speeches; Tony Pastor sang the latest and best of his ditties; the La Rue Family gave an exhibition of acrobatic agility; Frank and Lillian White did a neat sketch, and several more performers equally clever assisted. The programme was bright, fresh and enjoyable, and Mr. Pastor deserves the large attendance it drew and is still drawing.

* * *

The Glass of Fashion, at the Fifth Avenue, has given pleasure to numerous gatherings. The acting of Frank Mordaunt as Macadam and the nice setting of the comedy, are the more noticeable features of the production. The piece cannot run beyond the 5th of next month, as arrangements for the appearance of Langtry on the 7th preclude an extension. Stetson's luck has changed for the better. He has taken the tide at the flood, and it will probably lead on to fortune. At all events, let all good friends to the bluff manager hope so.

* * *

The Pavements of Paris has tested the capacity of Niblo's since its first production. The melodrama now moves smoothly, both scenically and in the acting department, and the public seem to extract much enjoyment from the pictorial and sensational attractions of the piece.

* * *

The Rajah is attracting still at the Madison Square. The delightful production well repays several visits. The [illegible] of Mr Clarke in the title-role, the pretty girls, the evenly excellent acting and the exquisite scenery continue to make the comedy a pleasant theatre of the second order. Until the next new [illegible] is ready the Rajah will hold the stage.

* * *

Cornelius Aspirations continues to be a never-failing source of enjoyment to the patrons of the Comique, and they represent the public at large, from the newsboy to the millionaire. All classes find recreation and fun in the [illegible] at this house, which happily [illegible] curious and amusing phase of life in the Metropolis.

* * *

A [illegible] called the Wall Street Cyclone [illegible] containing some amusing [illegible] comes the bill at the San Francisco Opera House this week. Next Monday the minstrels will remove from here and the theatre turned over to Grau and his French opera troupe. With their advent the place of amusement will be rechristened Haverly's Comedy Theatre—a little more comprehensive than the old one and better adapted for the new purposes of the building. Aimée, Angele and Fouquet on the little stage will have an admirable opportunity for subtle boulle business. For the first week Madame Angot, Mascotte, Boccaccio and Jolie Parfumeuse will be sung in rotation, at popular prices.

* * *

An American Wife has aroused unusual interest among theatregoers, who observe the unfolding of its story every evening with signs of interest and pleasure. Now that a good American drama has found its way to the stage of our leading theatre and met with hearty appreciation we have no doubt that Mr. Wallack will open his doors in future to works of the same character. Judge Barrett's piece is irreproachably moral, smartly written and admirably constructed—merits which should have secured it long life and prosperity. A revival of Old Heads and Young Hearts will follow.

* * *

Although there has been a suggestion of polar experiences in the thoroughfares, many people prefer to do the arctic business in Mackayen's chairs inside the warm auditorium of the Union Square. Storm-Beaten has undergone several improvements since it was first submitted to public approval. The play too, is far better acted Mr. Rankin's voice has lost a good deal of its huskiness, and he has toned down his performance of Christianson. It is no longer noisy, but vigorous and manly. Miss Harrison is applauded, very justly, for her acting as the betrayed sister. Her scene with the blind parson is a gem in its way.

* * *

The dramatic immortelle, Hazel Kirke, drew a large number of people to the Grand Opera House Monday. The Madison Square company gave a representation of the famous piece which, taken altogether, was superior to any that had been seen before in this city. With C. W. Couldock's Dunstan nearly every play-goer is familiar. It is a wonderfully virile characterization. Mrs. E. L. Davenport of course gets all there is to be got out of Mercy Kirke. Miss Cayvan's intensely dramatic representation of Hazel is well-known. Dolly Dutton, in the capable hands of Ada Gilman, was charmingly vivacious. Cecile Rush imbued Lady Travers with the requisite amount of patrician *hauteur*. Arthur Carringford was very nicely acted by J. G. Grahame. De Wolf Hopper, who is an admirable light comedian, as Pittacus Greene kept the house in good humor. Mr. Hopper does not imitate any of his predecessors, and we liked his work all the more for its originality. Barney, as delineated by Mr. Cahill, was brimming over with the spirits of the ould sod, and Harry Davenport, in the part of Met, showed himself an inheritor of the family talent. Aaron Rodney was satisfactorily done by W. H. Crompton.

The play was nicely set. The large stage of this theatre swallowed up some of the more delicate bits of acting. Next Monday The Tourists are to appear.

* * *

The performance for the sufferers by the Standard fire at Wallack's this (Thursday) should have a rousing house, not only because the object is most commendable, but on account of the strong bill which has been arranged. Mr. Sheridan, the McCaull Opera company, the Hazel Kirke party, Rice's Pop troupe, Harrigan and Hart's company, Lizzie Harold, the Bunch of Keys and Callender's Minstrels are among the attractions announced. The affair is under exceptionally capable management, and we trust it will meet with the liberal patronage it should command.

The Musical Mirror.

Orpheus and Eurydice at the Bijou is a potent factor in the attraction of holiday crowds. Pretty women, gorgeous dresses, clever comedians, and passable singing are its merits. Not a small addition to the enjoyment of a visit to this house is the sense of safety combined with comfort that it assures.

* * *

The season at the Metropolitan closed on Monday night with a repetition of Rigoletto, which was numerously attended. Although Mr. Abbey has lost some money by his Fall and Winter season, he can enjoy a retrospective view of it on the strength of having established the Metropolitan and vanquished a more or less formidable rival. The record he has made for artistic productions will stand him in good stead hereafter.

* * *

At the Casino the audiences have not diminished as is to be expected usually at holiday time. The charms of The Beggar Student and the people who appear in it are potent drawing factors. The continued success of the opera is indicated by the absence of preparations for a new bill.

Claudian.

"Henry French informed a Mirror man yesterday, that Wills and Herman's play, which is being done at the London Olympic, was secured by them for the United States last summer, before it had been produced on the other side. He sold it immediately to Brooks and Dickson, who will produce it early next year at a New York theatre.

"We have now twenty-five plays in actual production," said Mr. French, "from which, on behalf of ourselves and others, we receive weekly royalties.

"With regard to the alleged failure of Lotta in London, I think that it was solely the result of bad management."

A Peep at Dolaro's Play.

A reading of the MS. of Dolaro's comedy, which has been [illegible] by the Union Square management, developed the opinion that it is a remarkably skilful play. It treats a certain delicate social phase boldly, yet without incurring the risk of being considered too "blue." The plot is strong, and replete with interest from beginning to end. It is put together admirably, the episodes and situations growing naturally out of the story, the piece acquiring intensity from act to act, and the climaxes being dramatic and impressive. The *denouement* is a surprise, and it satisfies the ends of poetic justice without weakening—as frequently happens—that which has preceded. The language is terse and witty—such language, in fact, as conforms to the ideal view of modern society conversation. The characters are distinctly, and in two instances, powerfully drawn, their development only conclusively betraying the author's deep knowledge of human nature, as it appears in the glare of Paris *salons*. Fine parts need fine actors, and the resources of the Union Square company will be tested to the utmost in casting the piece adequately. The comedy element is capital. There is just enough of it to give relief to the serious incidents which form the main story.

If we may judge a play from a reading, Madame Dolaro's appears to possess all the essentials to a success as marked as that of any of the society plays that achieved great triumphs in the earlier days of the house on the stage of which it is to be first represented. It was named Fashion, but the similarity of title to the comedy now running at the Fifth Avenue has induced the author to make a change. The new name has not been decided upon, however.

At the Casino.

A reporter of this paper found Rudolph Aronson at the Casino yesterday.

"I am just engaged in arranging the music for Mr. Carleton's song, A Votre Sante, which I am dedicating to the Clover Club, of Philadelphia, a prominent journalists' organization," said he. "It will be sung at their anniversary dinner, in January, at the Bellevue Hotel."

"How is The Beggar Student holding out?" asked the reporter.

"Very well, indeed, considering the season of the year, when nearly every one is occupied with home affairs. But ours is a family theatre. A noticeable thing about this opera is the popularity of some of its numbers for dance music. At every ball this season no programme is considered complete without selections from it, and some theatre orchestras render the airs at nearly every performance.

"You might mention that the prominent members of Grau's French Opera company, including Aimee and others, will make their first appearance on their return visit on Sunday next at our weekly concert. Teresa Carreno has also been engaged, and I expect by the first mail a large parcel of music from Paris, with the reigning successes there, which my band will play. We contemplate no change of attraction. I feel sure that after the holidays The Beggar Student will receive new life."

An Opinion on Lotta's Failure.

While talking to Ed. E. Kidder, who represents Lotta in this country, he remarked: "I am sure that when Lotta has given a few more performances in London she will reverse the unfavorable reception and make a great success. I have received no news except what has been given in the cablegrams. It is unfortunate that she should have appeared in Musette first, and it is scarcely fair to blame Mr. Marsden for the failure, as everyone knows, and Mr. Marsden himself will admit, that this piece was written only to give her an opportunity to introduce her specialties. If she had appeared in Bob it might have been otherwise, as it is a drama. I am glad she did not venture to open in my new piece. You see, the English people are unaccustomed to the Lotta style of business. They have no one like her, and being very conservative, take time to warm to any innovation."

"Three of a Kind is not a howling success?"

"Well, no. I am going to Pittsburg tonight to make alterations in it, preparatory to its being presented here at the Third Avenue by the Troubadours. I shall cut the third act remorselessly. There's where the flaws lie."

The Death of Alfred Ireland.

On Saturday, Alfred Ireland and his sister, Millie Turnour, were to have departed for Havana by the steamer *Alamo*. A sad accident, the result of ardent parental affection, caused a delay and the death of one who for over forty years had been connected with the profession in Europe and the United States. While parting from her children, Madame Turnour could not restrain her tears, and the little ones were also very much affected. To pacify the younger child, Alfred Ireland, the grandfather, took it in his arms to the top floor of their house, No. 161 East Twenty-third street, where he held it at the window and pointed to the snow-covered roofs. Placing the child on its feet, he suddenly fell backwards and down the steps, fracturing his skull and breaking his leg in two places. He died almost instantly. Mr Ireland was buried on Monday.

Mr. Ireland was by profession a pyrotechnist, having served several years of his youth in a well-known London laboratory. He accompanied Blondin in his tours around the world, and returned to the United States about two months ago, after an absence of ten years, under an engagement to conduct the fireworks at Manhattan Beach next Summer. He had also been connected with the profession in many capacities. He was sixty years of age and leaves a widow and several children. His son, Alfred, and daughter, Madame Turnour, leave for Havana to-day, under a season's engagement to Leon de Leon.

Troubles of the Road.

The manager of a combination which returned to town on Sunday last sought out a Mirror reporter to relieve his mind of the troubles which beset him on his latest trip through Pennsylvania.

"Now, sir," said he, "I have been in the business some years, but my latest experience surpasses all that I have ever encountered, and I can assure you I have been in some queer positions. My company comprised nine people, not including myself and the property-man. An advance agent, upon whose integrity I could rely, preceded us, billed a town and made proper arrangements for a local hall and a hotel. We arrived about nine o'clock in the evening and found two hotel proprietors who claimed to own the house. They seized me, one on either side, and carried on their conversation at the same time, expatiating upon the merits of the one hotel, but cut each other down in the price every second. I waited patiently, and when they had reached their bottom price I ordered the company to remain at the depot while I accompanied the two worthies to their respective houses to judge for myself which was the best. Neither loosened his hold on me, and with the aid of a lantern we tramped up the town, arriving first at the house of the most pertinacious host. He showed me his rooms while his rival stood by. I could not anywhere see the name of the hotel posted up, so I concluded to investigate his rival's house, and he promised to await my decision. I went alone with the other man, and found legibly painted the name of the house my agent had transmitted to me. A large stove stood in the centre of the hall, around which gathered the gossips and sports of the town. Two wooden tables, at either side, were used at meal times. After settling everything, the landlord confidentially informed me that his rival actually boarded with him, giving a guarantee of the good fare he provided. I returned to the depot and conducted the company up town, where poor beds and humble fare were our lot during the two days' stay.

"Next morning I went to the hall. I found a piano, scenery and stage furniture all at hand, conducted a rehearsal, and set the stage for the evening's performance. Among the company were two newly-engaged artists who were, I will admit, rather fresh. We left the hall about four o'clock, and I returned at six, having in the meantime seen the landlord and paid him the rent. Everything was ready for the entertainment about seven o'clock, when an elderly man, with a sneering manner, approached me on the stage and asked for five dollars for the use of the piano, but saying he might accept three dollars. Not wishing to injure the evening's performance, I paid him the latter sum, and he had hardly left the place before two more appeared, one demanding five dollars for the use of the scenery and another alike sum for the stage furniture. Almost maddened, I hastened to the owner of the hall, but of course could get no satisfaction, so was obliged to submit to the extortion, although the contract provided such conveniences. The hall was well filled when the curtain rose, but it appeared that a local priest had, the previous Sunday, spoken about the vice attending shows, except those which were given to bring financial assistance to religion. Consequently, although our receipts were large, the audience were unfavorable to us. Our Irish comedian, however, caught on so well that he gave, with my permission, a few specialties. We found much difficulty in getting him off the stage, and when, finally, by threats he was induced to make his exit, he apologized to the audience and said that, as he almost carried the entire show himself, he was overworked, but would, on appearing in the next act, favor them with more fun. The instant he stepped to the wings the black-face artist pounced upon him and there was a fight. After separating them the piece proceeded amid great uproar. Such were some of my difficulties. I pocketed the receipts and the next day moved to the next stand, dismissing the Celtic Thespian and the Ethiopian artist. With a heavy heart I paid my bill, heaped up with extras. The two would-be pugilists, however, had spoiled the reputation of my show. They, with others, had sat around the stove all their spare time, and, as I was leaving the hotel, I heard the landlord remarking to a local friend:

"I never seen such a queer set as they was. All their names was 'Cull' but one, and his name was Jim, and he sit on the end and played the clickers!"

Edwin Booth and Henry Irving.

A sturdy critic of [illegible] the "old school" says there are [illegible] in the world—the horse [illegible] and the mountebank actor. Within [illegible] few weeks we have had on this city the [illegible] specimens of each. Mr. [illegible] being played before us for four weeks, [illegible] as the highest example of the [illegible] actor, and now Mr. Booth is acting [illegible] and proving that even a careless [illegible] and inartistic temperament cannot obscure genius. If it were the critic's duty to measure success by the means employed to achieve it, there is little doubt that he would award the palm to Mr. Irving. When the career of a great statesman is calmly considered, his origin, the obstacles fortune placed in his path and other attendant circumstances are carefully weighed before a ripe judgment is delivered. Judging Mr. Irving from this standard, and remembering the unique position he holds in the world of dramatic art, we should be disposed to give to give him the victor's wreath. Mr. Irving began as a tragedian by having everything against him. Nature gave him a clear intellect but a cold heart. She was also ungenerous to him in her physical gifts, and hampered him with a tuneless voice, an immobile countenance and an inflexible form. But the clear intellect made Mr. Irving see how talent and industry could be made to take the place of genius, and the cold heart enabled him to make art his servant instead of his mistress.

A little before the time when Mr. Irving appeared in London as a tragedian a new school of painting had arisen, and provoked ridicule, criticism and finally a certain measure of popularity. This was the Grosvenor Gallery School. It outraged all former notions of pictorial beauty. Nature was regarded by it as commonplace and idealism the only aim of the artist. But this idealism was of a novel description, as it expanded itself less in form and feeling than in color and terms. What an ordinary painter would call, say, a "bit of sunset," the Grosvenor Gallery people dubbed a "nocturne;" a "landscape" became a "symphony," and a moonlight study an "arrangement in black and silver." Out of the Grosvenor Gallery grew æstheticism, and out of both grew Mr. Henry Irving. Though Mr. Irving has already resented the comparison, it still remains true that what Mr. Oscar Wilde is so literature Mr. Irving is to dramatic art. There is certainly this happy distinction in Mr. Irving's favor, that he is abundantly more successful than his contemporary, and that while as a tragedian he is equally ridiculous, yet he has a practical mind and a dignity of character which are not among the attributes of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

Mr. Irving seized æstheticism while in its first glory, and he made the Lyceum Theatre a dramatic Grosvenor Gallery. The new school of painting created its sensation by giving us as types of beauty sallow women of angular form, dressed in bilious costumes of sage green and mustard-plasters. To paint women with a healthy complexion and a rounded figure would have been considered an outrage by this school of art, and had a hero appeared with a form of manly beauty on the canvas, the Grosvenor Gallery would, at the very least, have been paralyzed. So Mr. Irving gave London a Hamlet after the Grosvenor pattern, that is, one which should create surprise instead of admiration. The public could not understand it at all until the learned critics told them how stupid they were and how much Mr. Irving was above their heads. England had had no great tragedian for a quarter of a century. The old playgoers who had recollections of Hamlets and Othellos who magnetized their audiences, who by elocution gave poetry new beauties, and who by grace of form and action made their characters indeed "the paragon of animals," shuddered at Mr. Irving. The younger public, who had no such recollections, took Mr. Irving at his own and his critics' estimation, and in time made him the fashion. That an intelligent, experienced and well-read playgoer ever came away from a Shakespearean performance, given by Mr. Irving, with a feeling of satisfaction, I do not believe. I have seen fashionable audiences politely suppressing their mirth at much of his Hamlet and again vigorously applauding points in the performance. No audience that Mr. Irving ever played to "rose at him" as they do at actors of real magnetism and power. All Mr. Irving's long season of success does not include one such triumph as Salvini secured in the third act of Othello, or as Booth did in Richelieu on his opening night.

But Mr. Irving is an "intellectual actor." His triumphs are supposed to come after the performance is over, and when the playgoer "feels him" over his supper, or the next morning while discussing his breakfast. It was just this way with the Grosvenor Gallery and Mr. Wilde's poetry. A puzzled spectator winced at Mr. Borne Jones' heroines and declared that there was neither beauty nor grace about them. Then came the far-seeing critic who said: "Tush! Never mind beauty. Look at the harmony between the sage green robe, the wan face and the soft light in the yellow hair. How pregnant with suggestions; what depth of emotion, how soulful is it all?" And so with Mr. Wilde's poetry. Old-fashioned admirers of Longfellow and Tennyson com[illegible] that Mr. Wilde's muse was a very [illegible] not to say improper one, and that [illegible] rhymes were bad. But Mr. Wilde's [illegible] admirers, for he had a few of each for a season, also said "tush," pooh-poohed the rhyme and glorified the depth of their hero's verses. The old form of the Grosvenor Gallery has passed away because it was an impossible thing, while Mr. Wilde has passed away altogether. Mr. Irving remains, not because his acting is accepted by the public as high art, but because his cool head and clear intellect have entitled him to become the most skillful manager and the most adroit advertiser of the age.

While making these [illegible]ping assertions it must not be supposed that I deny Mr. Irving the merit of being a fine actor. Indeed, I think him an actor of rare and peculiar talents, and he should be hailed as a prophet among actors and managers. I have seen him play everything, from an old woman in a Christmas pantomime to Hamlet, Othello and Macbeth. His pantomime old woman was better than any other I ever saw, because, instead of slighting this humble character, he thought it out, elaborated its business and made a character out of it. There were beauties, too, in his Shakespearean parts; but not those of the tragedian. There was evidence of thought, research and experience in all of them, but the more thoughtful the performance the less was the success it created. Mr. Irving is said to have given more time and study to Macbeth than to any character in his repertoire, and yet Macbeth was the failure of his life. Mr. Irving is an artist and in a theatre such as the Theatre Francais still is, such as Wallack's was twenty years ago, and such as the London Haymarket was at even an earlier date, he would have been a power. He would have had characters assigned to him suitable to his peculiar powers, and of each of them he would have made a success.

While Mr. Irving is of an intensely artistic temperament, and is almost literally the slave of his profession, Mr. Edwin Booth is the most careless and perfunctory actor that ever achieved greatness. Every new character undertaken by the English actor is a work of extraordinary labor. He studies not only the lines of his part and the language of the play, but he makes historical research, asks the aid of artistic and archæological wisdom, and really gives his public a masterpiece of industry and skill. But then the labor is apparent throughout the work. Its detail and ingenuity provoke admiration, but the senses never surrender to them, and illusion never takes the place of curiosity and interest. The happiest hours Mr. Irving spends in his theatre are not, as might be supposed, those in which he receives the plaudits of his public, but those which he devotes to rehearsing a play, explaining his ideas about it and conveying his impressions to his comrades.

Edwin Booth is in private life a somewhat phlegmatic gentleman; but his unhappiest hours are spent on the stage of a theatre when a rehearsal of one of his plays is proceeding. The artistic detail so dear to Mr. Irving is utterly distasteful to the American actor. The English utility man finds the intonation of his voice, the action of his arms and the plank on which he sets foot arranged for him by Mr. Irving according to thumb rule, while the player, experienced or otherwise, who comes to Booth for direction or instruction, is usually told to "come on in the usual way," and "go off L. C.," or is given some other order, which teaches the intelligent actor, at least, the lesson that his best plan is to take Mr. Booth as he finds him.

It is not because Edwin Booth is his father's son that I maintain that he is a born actor. But I hold that histrionic art is as much a matter of inspiration as that of painting, music or oratory. The great ones in each of these vocations are born, not made. They may be guilty of a thousand lashes, but their genius laughs criticism to scorn, and censure becomes mere querelousness against the enthusiasm a touch of their genius produces. On the other hand, it is possible to take any intelligent youth and by rigid training make him a fair painter, a decent musician, a tolerable orator, or even a finished actor. Yet the born painter can with a few strokes of the brush, or the pencil give us suggestions "pregnant with celestial fire," which touch the heart and live in the memory, while the mature efforts of the made artist attract at most a pleasing tribute to well-wrought skill and patient industry. This comparison might be carried *ad infinitum*, but it is sufficient for my purpose to show that, in art at least, talent of the most exhaustive kind, industry of the loftiest nature and patience, even when almost sublime, are like—

> An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.

when placed against the genius, which sometimes, indeed, hardly knows its own power, and may even be surprised by the effect it commands. No great or eminent man can effectually divorce himself from his private life. If he has achieved popularity, the world hungers to look upon him as his wife or his *valet de chambre* sees him. Edwin Booth is great on the stage; off it he is nobody and nothing. He loves the privacy of his home, and to be left alone is his chiefest domestic ambition. Mr. Irving, besides being an actor, is a man of the world. He supplements his artistic successes by social triumphs such as no actor in these or probably in any other times has achieved. Mr. Irving has considerable literary ability, and is a frequent contributor to leading English magazines and reviews. Mr. Booth never set himself down to write a line for the public during the thirty-odd years in which he has been a prominent actor. Mr. Irving poses, and with the best of reasons, as an eminent stage-director, while to Mr. Booth the details of his profession are irksome, if not intolerable.

A good deal has been said of Mr. Irving's "mannerisms," but, curiously enough, I cannot remember hearing a word of censure or criticism bestowed on any "mannerisms" possessed by Mr. Booth. The fact is, Mr. Booth has no "mannerisms." On the other hand, Mr. Irving not only has a sufficiency, but he cultivates them, hugs them to his breast and probably says to himself, "These are part of my stock in trade." My first recollection of Mr. Irving caused me to regard him as a model of natural acting. Every more recent impression has satisfied me that Mr. Irving thinks that he is "nothing if not peculiar." This is also a theory he has taught to his critics. When he played Macbeth in London and made "Bellows's Bridegroom" a feeble and snivelling assassin, he was applauded by his literary admirers for having removed Macbeth from the realms of heroism to the commonplace of Matthias in The Bells. The fact is that no one is more conscious of his inability to portray heroic characters, and therefore, instead of trying to raise Irving to the altitude of Macbeth or Othello, he seeks to drag these magnificent creations down to the level of a character actor. For bursts of passion, tears in the voice and intensity of action, he gives us inferior, and, indeed, sometimes ludicrous byplay, and endeavors to extort our admiration by tricks of manner rather than by force and fervor.

While these things are so eminently characteristic of Mr. Irving, they are utterly alien to the nature of Mr. Booth. The latter gentleman has been a tragedian for thirty years, and the former for little over ten, and yet I venture to say that Irving has devoted more real time and labor to his half dozen Shakespearean parts than Booth has to the study of his enormous repertoire. Irving takes Hamlet, Othello or Macbeth and studies how he can import into either of them something new, strange or bizarre. Booth tries to emphasize the greatness of his characters, thinks tradition worthy of respect and acts on the belief that the noble line of actors from Betterton to his father and Edwin Forrest, did not study Shakespeare for nothing. And why, in acting, any more than in other arts, should the teaching of ages be despised? Millais and Gibson do not despise the lessons of Michael Angelo and Praxiteles. Mr. Tennyson holds Homer and Virgil in no contempt, and it is surely an *ad captandum* spirit which inspires those who practice and preach this heresy about an art which has existed since civilization begun.

Mr. Irving is a great artist and Mr. Booth is a great actor. The distinction between the two, I think, I need hardly explain now. In my time we have only had two examples of the proper combination of both elements of greatness, and these were Forrest and Salvini. Both of these grand men combined the industry and artistic temperament of Irving with the inspiration that nature gave to them, as it has done to Edwin Booth. Forrest, like Salvini, never slighted a rehearsal or considered experiment a bore. They both supplemented their inspiration by industry and patience. Details were to them details, and they received the attention they demanded. To Mr. Irving detail is everything and to Mr. Booth nothing. The eye is gratified and the mind impressed by the perfection of Mr. Irving's art, but the heart is never touched as it is when Mr. Booth, with shabby surroundings, mean accessories and commonplace support, thrills an audience who are nearly as familiar with the text as he is himself.

It is too late to hope that Mr. Booth will ever think out his parts as Forrest and Salvini did. We must take him as he is, the perfect elocutionist, the model of grace and form, the inspired realization of the passion and pathos of the great master; but we cannot hope to look upon him as being to his own language what Salvini is to the Italian tongue.

Mr. Irving we can regard with amazement for a while and admiration for a longer season. But as a tragedian he cannot be accepted. He has built the temple of his art on shifting sands. He may reign supreme in England for a few years, but if (and this certainly seems a wild supposition) an actor should arise such as Edwin Booth was twenty years ago, Mr. Irving's house of mannerisms, policy and strategy will tumble about his ears, and though it may leave him with a handsome fortune, will give him no higher a niche in the temple of fame than that which is accorded to the many beings who have figured as the fleeting fashions of an hour.

J. M. M.

On Wednesday morning the inhabitants of upper Broadway awoke to recognize two facts: that the snow had increased to two feet in depth; and that John A. Stevens was in their midst. Large illuminated pictures of Mr. Stevens kissing a handsome woman adorned the billboards and walls about the new Park Theatre.

The Actors' Fund has, at this season of the year, been subject to all sorts of applications from undeserving people who are unaware of its object, namely, to render speedy and temporary relief to worthy and distressed people whom sickness has visited. Leading stars and prominent people have individually received pressing letters, which they, in turn, have forwarded to the committee.

Professional Doings.

—Louis Heyward has joined Dan Maguire's company.

—Esmeralda has been performed fourteen hundred times.

—Langtry follows The Glass of Fashion at the Fifth Avenue.

—Rip Van Winkle is still being played by Ford's Opera company.

—The Zoe Gayton company has disbanded. It was a bad company.

—Charlotte Thompson comes to the Star Theatre early in February.

—Charlotte Thompson has enjoyed Camille on the road with some success.

—T. F. Brennan, the comedian, has been engaged by Barry and Fay.

—Charles Rice, brother of E. E. Rice, is conducting Fun on the Bristol on the road.

—Agnes Herndon has joined the forces of the Madison Square Theatre.

—Charles Barber has been engaged to do the Porter with the The Tourists.

—W. H. Clark takes the road again early with Only a Miner's Daughter.

—Lester Wallack will appear at the People's Theatre during the season in Ours.

—M. B. Curtis' bills appear throughout the city as illuminated Christmas cards.

—Percy Haseing has left Gus Williams' company so suddenly as he joined it.

—A new opera house will shortly be opened at Westminister, near Baltimore, Md.

—Frank Mayo is drawing very good houses at the Mount Morris Theatre this week.

—Dick Pather, the veteran minstrel, arrived in the city from Chicago on Wednesday.

—The Bench of Kays is rattling at a lively rate down at the People's Theatre this week.

—No. 2 Queen's Lace Handkerchief left town on Tuesday evening for Asbury Park, N. J.

—An American Wife will be withdrawn from Wallack's about the middle of next week.

—J. D. Murphy, of Philadelphia, was in town all last week arranging for future attractions.

—Haverly's San Francisco Minstrels produce this week a piece called The Cyclone of Wall Street.

—A. Q. Scallan left town on Monday night, having been engaged as advance of Boucicault's company.

—The Eden Musee Americaine, at West Twenty-third street and Twenty-fourth street, will shortly open.

—Ten members of John McCullough's present company have been with him for from three to six years.

—Madeline Lucette (Mrs. T. B. Ryley) has been engaged to play Irene in Queen's Lace Handkerchief No. 2.

—The executive staff of the Third Avenue will practically remain the same under the Claxton management.

—Abbey's Metropolitan Italian Opera company left New York for Boston by special train on Tuesday morning.

—G. W. Farren, who has been all this season with Clara Morris, is receiving great praise from the provincial press.

—Boucicault's piece, Old Heads and Young Hearts, will be presented at Wallack's Theatre on Monday evening next.

—The Purvis Sisters have left Lessing's management and return to England in April, whence they go to Paris.

—Rice's Surprise Party, in Pop, is now under the direction of John A. Mackay. He keeps his eye on deadheads.

—The Callender Minstrel Festival is sandwiched in Cincinnati between the Mapleson and Abbey Opera companies.

—Charles MacGeachy has developed into general manager and superintendent of all G. and C. Frohman's enterprises.

—Fred. Warde gave a performance at Austin, Texas, on the 24th, for the benefit of the local lodge of Knights of Pythias.

—On Friday W. J. Scanlan will present at Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre Fred. Marsden's new play, The Irish Minstrel.

—Edwin Varrey is engaged to John Stetson for the season. The latter has lent him to John A. Stevens for Passion's Slave.

—It is said that Poole, Gilmore and Colville expended $20,000 in placing The Pavements of Paris before the public at Niblo's.

—W. J. Magee has been engaged to play Jerry Blackburn in Rice's Fun on the Bristol No. 2. John E. Ince plays the Widow.

—Mapleson's Italian Opera company returned to town on Sunday last. Rumors are current that salaries are considerably in arrear.

—The entrance of the San Francisco Opera House, henceforth to be known as Haverly's Comedy Theatre, has been re-decorated.

—The literary *chef* of Niblo's Garden has edited a Christmas souvenir programme. The Madison Square management must look to its laurels.

—Bob Fraser has charge of seventy people in The Stranglers of Paris. He long ago acquired the reputation of being a good drill-master.

—Thatcher, Primrose and West will shortly be seen at the People's. Frank Collins, of this company, has come to the city for medical treatment.

—There is a rumor that the Cosmopolitan has been taken by an enterprising [illegible] proprietor, who intends running an all-[illegible] round show.

—Only a Woman's Heart, with Newton Beers and Lillian Pomeroy in the cast, is reported to have caught on. Dates will be played in cities shortly.

—Sydney Rosenfeld's new opera, The Mystic Isle; or, the Laws of Average, is under consideration for presentation at the Bijou after Orpheus and Eurydice.

—The Stranglers of Paris had a run of forty nights in New York City. In Philadelphia it is said to have caught on so well that eight extra performances were given.

—Manager Amberg gives a matinee performance every day this week. On Tuesday he gave a performance at half-past ten in the morning, making three that day.

—An enterprising firm of cigar manufacturers have adopted Kate Castleton's lithograph as the Quakeress as trade-mark for a "Quakeress" cigar, with "For goodness sake don't say I told you" at the foot.

—Gus Pennyer and [illegible] are [illegible] Hermann's Temple No. 1, which owns the Grand Opera House on the spot.

—Kate Castleton has secured, through Hayman, the right to play Pop in Boston. She will take these pieces with her, which she already engaged nearly all her people.

—An elaborate production of Romeo and Juliet, with four scenic effects, will be given at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, next month, with Margaret Mather as Juliet.

—The rehearsals of Paterson's Queen's Lace Handkerchief are progressing. The company gives three rehearsals daily, [illegible] week and opens the season Dec. 31.

—Mastery and Owens, the managers of the Heart of Gold, have secured another English attraction, called The Wages of Sin. They will not produce it until next season.

—Kiralfy must have his work cut out between us Hibbs. In the opening of the [illegible] he will have [illegible] and before they come in very handy. [illegible] the brightest thing in The Paymaster of Dull Shore.

—J. J. Hobby, the eastern manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, has been many years in Sothern's employ, and feels heavily interested in all concerning his employer's interests.

—It is almost definitely settled that D'Oyly Carte will produce Gilbert and Sullivan's opera at the Fifth Avenue, the successful run of the first production of The Pirates of Penzance.

—The Emmas, formerly in music upon will give their dancing and [illegible] children at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening. It is entitled Emma's Twelve Days Sketch.

—The Callender Minstrel Festival organization, numbering over one hundred people, is appearing at the Academy in Brooklyn this week. Never before has a minstrel entertainment been given within its walls.

—Many ladies in the profession employ carriages to convey them to the theatre on evening performances on Christmas Day. One plucky lady, however, finding [illegible] transport, was not deterred by the [illegible]

—Yesterday afternoon the [illegible] was given to a crowded house at the Academy of Music. Dr. Damrosch's [illegible] and vocalists combined to make [illegible] bill, who, by permission of the [illegible] her services.

—The managers of the Children's Festival have arranged for [illegible] from neighboring cities, [illegible] many towns, to enter [illegible] Festival. Invitations have been [illegible] press in this city.

—The Bijou Opera is to [illegible] played in three cities, New York, Boston and Chicago, simultaneously. McCaull's company is in Chicago, also ours is in Boston, and the Theatre Theatre company in this city present it consecutively.

—E. E. Rice has [illegible] company. He will confine himself to [illegible] the Bijou, Pop Rice, a [illegible] and the Rice Surprise Party. [illegible] Rice has [illegible] there. He says they have [illegible] to amount to could come to New York.

—Edward Rough, who [illegible] the Casino, has four brothers in the [illegible] department of theatres. When E. E. Rice had the Cosmopolitan, this Rough was a carpenter, and when Rice was [illegible] charged by Hisley for [illegible] tried to induce them to set up the [illegible]

—Colonel Haverly has taken the [illegible] at 18 West Twenty-third street, which was leased and furnished by Sparks and Gill, and intended establishing an [illegible] and dramatic agency. They [illegible] three floors, and have every [illegible] for the transaction of a large business.

—Mark Pavenna, a member of [illegible] of the unfortunate Lillian Russell's [illegible] died while in Texas. Fred Warde, [illegible] passing through, purchased a casket and had the remains embalmed. Another member of the company, Walter Perkins, upon the disbanding of the company, secured a position as telegraph operator at Cleveland.

—Walter Reynolds, whose plays we [illegible] attention to elsewhere, was, while in Australia, the lessee of no less than six first class theatres, the Princess, Melbourne; Gaiety, Sydney; Theatre Royal, Brisbane; Theatre Royal, Hobart Town; Theatre Royal, Christchurch, N. Z., and Queen's Theatre, Dunedin, the seat of learning in New Zealand.

—All the bookings for the late Windsor Theatre have been transferred to the Star Park. Among these are Annie Pixley, Kate Claxton, Jarrowbeth, Boucicault, Mrs. Langtry, Emmet, Romany Rye, Aldrich and Barlow and Salsbury's Troubadours. Mr. Hamlin is prepared to book for the New Windsor, which is to be erected in the Bowery, near the old site.

—Many complaints were made yesterday by ladies against Christmas matinees. If Tuesday were a criterion by which to judge, they were right in their views. The Fifth Avenue receipts were fair, while most other theatres did not reach that amount. Shenidan as Louis XI. at the Star Theatre had perhaps the best house. Pop played at the Fourteenth Street to nearly an empty house, but the Surprise Party gave a very spirited performance. The heavy fall of snow told greatly against the theatres, and the family circle was, as a rule, the best patronized part of the house.

—The Abbott Opera company is engaged for the Baldwin Theatre, California, under the Frohman's management. It includes Emma Abbott, Madame Sinico, late of Mapleson's company; Julie Rosewald, Zelda Seguin, Signor Fabrini, Novello, Signor Tagliapietra, Signor Campobello, late of Mapleson's company; William Broderick, Walter Allen, and J. H. Ewald, musical conductor. The repertoire consist of fifteen operas, among which several new ones never heard in [illegible] company numbers sixty-five [illegible] the additional chorus and [illegible] California will [illegible]

PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

The opera season just finished at the Globe Theatre did not meet with the success anticipated. On the Pops nights the houses were large, though not overcrowded. On other nights the attendance was not so large as the performances at times deserved. The co. numbers many who can be placed in the front rank; while at the same time others of the co. fall short of what was expected from leading artists in an opera co. of this reputation. Patti appeared in Traviata and Sonnambula, and as both occasions met with great success, her marvellous voice creating the greatest enthusiasm, evoking hearty applause and eliciting many encores. Patti assumed the characters in the operas with much force and earnestness, showing a good conception of the different parts. Miss. Cowles met with a number of triumphs during the week, her singing in Linda at the Saturday matinee eliciting for her the warmest praise. Signor Gabriel met with the same success that attended his previous efforts in this city. Signor Vizioli's comic efforts were not altogether even, at times giving the utmost satisfaction, while at times he showed the results of overwork. The chorus as a rule gave general satisfaction. This week, Carmen.

The second week of Irving's engagement at the Boston Theatre was a repetition of the first in regard to large and appreciative audiences. During the performance, Saturday evening, Mr Irving announced that he should again appear in Boston in March. This week Mary Anderson's Opera co., which includes many favorites, will commence an engagement, opening with Faust, with Minnie as Marguerite. The Beggar Student, with its bright music and excellent cast, is meeting with great success, the houses being very large during the second week. The opera is placed upon the stage in excellent manner, with the strictest attention to all details.

Park Theatre: Rehearsals and Crane created much amusement and delighted the crowds that witnessed their impersonations in Our Boarding House. This week the Madison Square co. will present Esmeralda with a strong cast.

Boston Museum: Much curiosity was aroused to see George Wilson on his first appearance as Myles Na Coppaleen, in the Colleen Bawn, and it is needless to state that this excellent actor did full justice to the character, disappointing no one. William Seymour, as at former times, scored a success as Danny Mann, and the entire company rendered excellent support. The Colleen Bawn will be repeated during the week, and on Saturday evening the popular leading man, Charles Barron, will have a benefit, appearing as Sir Giles Overreach, in A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Howard Athenæum: Large and well pleased audiences witnessed the programme presented by Davenport's Allied Attractions, and attested their appreciation by many encores. This week Mme. Girard Gyer's specialty combination will appear in a carefully selected programme.

Keyloxo Museum: A number of new people appeared during the week in a pleasing programme.

Boston Ideas: Irving will produce Much Ado About Nothing during his next engagement in Boston.—Manager E. N. Field has secured Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, the Princess, for the Boston Museum.—The Carleton Merrimentors are in the city to-day.—Charles Wilkins, who has been a member of the company supporting Dan Maginnis, has been released by Manager Haslett, and will appear as Puck, in Puck's Bad Boy.—The Silver King will shortly be produced at the Boston Theatre.—Hamlet will be presented at the Globe Theatre Jan. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Goodwin will appear at the Park Theatre Jan. 7.

ST. LOUIS.

Grand Opera House (J. W. Norton, manager): The Gaiety season was a rather uneven week. The dance nights were very light, her singing being poor. Mlle. Fauvert made a most successful debut in Rosenda, and Mlle. Antoee also did well. La Vie Parisienne succeeded Aimee, Angelo and Fauvert in each cast and drew large houses. On Monday evening an extra performance will be given at the Olympic, Bernecia and one act of La Jolie Parfumeuse being the bill, introducing the entire co. Harry Gee 23d.

Standard Theatre (W. H. Smith, manager): An excellent production of The Danites has been given to the above theatre during the week to good business. Minnie Wellesley has been very good as Sally Piper, and the introduction of the three St. Bernard dogs proved a novelty. The scenic effects were handsome and the piece was well acted. Adams' Humpty Dumpty, 23d.

People's Theatre (Charles R. Pope, manager): Mazeppa Vickers in Jacquino has made an artistic success, and is one of the best of all the soubrettes that have visited St. Louis this season. Charles Rogers gives her good support, and is very clever as Dick Vinton, the billposter. Business, however, has been very poor. Young Miss Winthrop by the Madison Square co. 24th.

People's Theatre (Joseph B. Robertson, manager): Robert Wade has been playing to empty houses as Rip Van Winkle, and must bring something else to St. Louis to draw. Even Jefferson has shelved it as a regular card, and has to present other attractions. The Devil's Auction 23d—return engagement.

Olympic Theatre (Charles A. Spalding, manager): Rentz, Bryant and Hoey's Minstrels presented a good variety performance during the week, but business was light. There have been rather too many variety performances here this season. Jefferson opens 24th.

Items: On the 28th the long-promised production of The Mountain will be given at the Merchants' Exchange Hall. Mlle. Rosina, Miss Emily Winant, Theodore Toedt and Franz Remmertz will be the soloists. Theodore Thomas and full orchestra will furnish the orchestral accompaniment, and the St. Louis Choral Society will furnish three hundred trained voices for the chorus.—Charles Wyndham and his co. will furnish the bill at Pope's for the fortnight beginning Jan. 7. The St. Luke's Hospital fund will have charge of the engagement, and it is an assured success.—Manager Charles Spalding, of the Olympic, has been in town for a short time; returned to his home at Saugerties on the Hudson, a few days ago.—Jas Toomey, of the scenic firm of Nason, Albert and Toomey, has returned from Toronto looking strong and hearty.—John W. Norton, W. D. Mitchell and W. C. Jones arrived home from New York on Thursday; they had been attending the Elks' session.

BALTIMORE.

Academy of Music (S. W. Fort, manager): The houses during the Leagues season were well filled, and, generally viewed, the engagement was a success. Mrs. Langtry is not the object of universal curiosity that she was; still the fact that she has for years been an established beauty, and the fact that her wardrobe is a practical demonstration of the advance of modern fashion to date, make her sufficiently attractive to a certain class of theatre-goers. Apart from this, however, the performance would, indeed and appropriative, and the audience, though modest and kid-gloved, was general and appreciative. The box opened somewhat since the rise of the co., and there is plenty of room for a very fine house, and by no means at rear on the stage. Langtry has not did not suffer by comparison with Modjeska. Kearney Irving began his engagement on Monday evening before a good-sized house in Louis Carter. Charles L. The Bells and the Duke's Motto week, Aldrich and Parker in My Partner.

Grand Opera House (J. W. Albaugh, manager): Business under the management of Brooks and Dickson is still given and well expected. In dialect comedy is really the vogue, and in comic and Irish sketches little about, of any melodrama we have seen, can, can for above the average of the rest of a melodrama. Frank Wood and Katie Rooney, Rice Brothers, and Kate [illegible] a thoroughly amusing, unbreakable [illegible] Manager Irving of F. C. Mackey [illegible] Jan 30th. [illegible] Jan 30th. [illegible] Jan 30th.

T. Hinde, in his folish drama entitled The Belle of Brandon, did a very light business, cost and cld. Independent of Mr. Hinde himself there is but little in the piece or on to recommend. Rentz-Santley comb. did a fair business, 20th. Ada Gray appeared before small audiences on the 17th and 18th, in New East Lynne. Lawrence Barrett, 23rd, 24th.

Whiting Opera House (P. H. Lehane, manager): Harry T. Wood's comb. presented The Power of Money to a very little of it, 20th, cost and cld. As a scenic production I have no criticism to make. In fact I think the panorama would have been very enjoyable had it not been for the cost. John McCullough appeared in Virginius, 23th, and caused the capacity of the house to its utmost extent. The New York Opera co. gave The Queen's Lace Handkerchief, to a full house, 24th. Thomas Keene, 26th, 27th.

OSWEGO.

Academy of Music (W. B. Phelps, manager): Rentz-Santley Novelty co. 20th, gave a fair variety performance before a good house. Thomas W. Keene in Richelieu, 27th.

ELMIRA.

Opera House (W. E. Sanford, manager): McCullough played Virginius to fair audience (23rd) 20th. Owing to a severe cold, which troubled his enunciation, the star did not rise to his usual excellence. Support good. Raymond, in In Paradise, played to about $600, 21st. Of all the attractions this season Raymond's Major Bell is the most amusing. His *auto da fé* as Virginius dialect and quaint sayings are perfect. Barlow-Wilson Minstrels, 26th; Dupree Minstrels, Jan. 1; Fanny Davenport, 4th.

Items: The size of the audiences that greeted McCullough and Raymond demonstrated the fact that it does not pay the Opera House management to bring big attractions here. When a minstrel show will draw $1,200 to $1,500, and play for sixty per cent., it is not surprising that we have so few of the stars who wish a much larger percentage and a guarantee besides.—The Christmas Mirror sold surprisingly well and was much complimented.

AUBURN.

Academy of Music (L. J. Matson, manager): Gray and Stephens' Comedy co. in Roughing It, 21st, to light business. John T. Raymond, in In Paradise, 27th; Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, 29th.

MALONE.

Lawrence Opera House (W. D. McKean, manager): C. R. Gardiner's co. in Only a Woman's Heart, 18th, to a fair-sized audience. The play was well received. Edwin Browne did well as Roger, the Tramp. Lillian Pomeroy displayed good ability in the part of Hattie Salsbury. The piece was excellently set by our local manager, who is displaying commendable energy in this direction. Winnett and Healy's Trinity comb., 29th.

Items: Edwin Browne, of Only a Woman's Heart co., was relieved here by Newton Beers, who is to play Old Roger, the Tramp. Another important and necessary change will be made in the part of Mrs. Salisbury.—Manager McKean has booked several good attractions for his circuit.

UTICA.

Utica Opera House (Thos. L. Yates, manager): Gray and Stephens' comb. in Roughing It, 19th, 20th. The co. is only a fair one. Fanny Davenport, Jan. 1, Margaret Mather, 3d; The White Slave, 4th.

City Hall Opera House (Charles E. Richards, manager): Bennett and Moulton's Comic Opera co., 24th, week.

OHIO.

ZANESVILLE.

Schultz and Co.'s Opera House (John Hoge, manager): A fine audience enjoyed Dan Thompson's wholesome but threadbare Josh, 15th, and it will, I trust please your Fall River man to hear that our people heartily appreciated the Pilgrim Orchestra. That dime-novel exponent of the drama, Doud Byron (the "d" should be changed to "l") had a light house 20th, even the gallery being thin. I endured three acts of Ten Thousand Miles Away, and then I "silently stole away." It is to be hoped that Oliver is the sole proprietor of the singular pathological discovery that a man who has been starving for five days, as soon as he gets food to eat, lets big mouthfuls fall at his feet. Troubadours, 21st, had a rather light house—for a wonder; but, then, its "Jonah" week, and nobody expects good business. Three of a Kind is tolerably funny, decidedly coarse, and rather tedious. Half an hour chopped off its tail would be highly beneficial. Nate Salsbury would do himself credit were he to drop his song about the man who had two sons. Now that the pulpit has let up on the stage, it is a pity that a respectable professional like Salsbury should descend to the low flings at religion which characterizes the lowest variety performances. I do not profess to carry a heavy stock of religion myself, but, nevertheless, I object to Salsbury's sneers.

Items: Harry Sloan, the handsome, youthful and gentlemanly treasurer of the Opera House, has accepted a similar position with the Hanlons, and leaves the day after Christmas to join them at New Orleans.—Your correspondent expects to write up the art features of the G. A. R. fair and festival during the coming week for the local press.—Josephine Reilley's "paper" is quite artistic. I supposh it is the result of Manager Miles' enterprise.—In speaking last week about my delightful chat with Rhea, I forgot to say that she is intensely anxious to perfect herself in English, and asked me if I did not think she was improving in her accent.

TOLEDO.

Wheeler's Opera House (George W. Bills, business manager): Romany Rye, 17th, week. As Goliath Lee said to Jack Hearne on his return, "'' s have come among us at a bad time," so we say to the managers of the Rye. It being the week before Christmas, only fair houses saw the play. It may be well called a star co., for every member is good. The scenery worked well after the first night.

URBANA.

Bennett's Opera House (P. R. Bennett, Jr., proprietor): The Buffalo Bill comb. 17th, and, notwithstanding a heavy snowstorm, did a good business. The people were disappointed in the non-appearance of Captain Bogardus, who was called away by the death of his first grandchild. Bertha Welby, in Camille, 22d. This was her first appearance in Urbana. The co. Sundayed here. William Stafford, New Year's night.

SANDUSKY.

Biemiller's Opera House (William J. Hoffel, manager): Kerry Gow given, 17th, to a good audience. The performance was splendid, and Joseph Murphy carried the house with his Dan O'Hara. Banker's Daughter, 27th.

TIFFIN.

National Hall (E. B. Hubbard, manager): Baker and Farron, with a fair co., produced Government House, 19th. House well filled below.

LIMA.

Faurot's Opera House (O. E. Latham, manager): Bertha Welby came, 20th, to fair house, playing Julia, in The Hunchback. She was supported by a fair co. Thatcher, Primrose and West Minstrels, 27th.

CANTON.

Opera House (Louis Schaefer, proprietor): Bertha Welby comb. 15th, in Nancy Sykes, to fair business. Denman Thompson co. in Uncle Josh, to fair house, 18th. Rentz-Santley Burlesque co., to very good business, 19th. Maubury and Overton's Hoop of Gold comb. drew a very good house, 20th, it was an excellent entertainment.

MANSFIELD.

Miller's Opera House (Joseph Miller, manager): Rentz-Santley's Novelty co. played to good business, 17th. Alice Townsend made many friends. Bertha Welby, as Julia, in The Hunchback, played to a very light house, 19th. The play is too heavy for her support.

FINDLAY.

Davis' Opera House (J. C. Beshen, secretary): The "same book" adage, that "it never rains but it pours," will be aptly illustrated in our "burg," week of 24th, as follows, viz: Father O'Connor (ex-priest) in lecture, 24th; Rev. Walter Thomas Mills, in lecture, 26th; Jane Coombs Dramatic co., 27th; William Stafford, in Othello, 28th. Walter Phelps Leland, of Chicago, is also announced for a lecture, on World Making, (under auspices of English Lutheran Church, in this city) on 28th.

XENIA.

Opera House (J. A. Hiveling, manager): Harry Webber, in Nip and Tuck, 18th, to rather light business, but by no means deserving of it, as he gave one of the best entertainments we've had this season. Callender's Minstrels, 23th; Spanish Students, Jan. 1.

POMEROY.

Finkstein's Opera House (Col. M'Quigg, manager): Bella Moore comb. 14th, in Fogg's Ferry. Miss Moore, as Chip, is full of spirit and grace and delighted a large and fashionable audience. On the 16th, Bella Moore essayed the role of Galatea. Her conception was clear, her elocution earnest. The unconscious playfulness of the part was well portrayed, while in the different power of passion and pathos she showed intelligence and talent that promises a future as an emotional actress. Rentz-Fox's Jolly Pathfinders, 19th, to poor business. A variety performance that pleased the gallery.

Items: W. A. Gregg, manager of the Bella Moore comb. says he is pleased with the impression his star is leaving everywhere and reports business very good considering that his attraction is new.—Mr. Compston, the husband of Lizzie Evans, is with the Bella Moore co., not having abandoned the profession as stated in the last Mirror.

PENNSYLVANIA.

MAHANOY CITY.

Opera House (F. J. Retner, manager): Henry Watson's Comedy co., in Winkles, 19th. Audience very appreciative. Mr. Watson, as a German comedian, has few equals. Rice's Pleasure Party, in Gay, 20th.

CONNELLSVILLE.

Messenger's Opera House (C. W. Porter, manager): McKinley's Infatuation, by M. W. Hanley's co., 19th, to fair business. Maggie Mitchell, in Fairfax, 21st, delighted the largest audience of the season. Reid's Minstrels, Jan. 3.

POTTSVILLE.

Academy of Music (Nathan Hauser, manager): Annie Pixley, in Zeno, to a large and very appreciative audience, 21st; Black Dwarf, 27th.

HARRISBURG.

Opera House (H. J. Steel, manager): Maggie Mitchell, in Little Savage, 17th, played to good business. Age does not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of this charming actress, if we may judge by the effect upon the audience. Annie Pixley, in Miss, 19th, to fair business. The star was well supported by a co. of unusual excellence, Frank Lesser being the ideal Yoho Bill. The Knight, 20th, to an audience small but select.

Opera House (Markley and Till, managers): Black Dwarf, 21st, played to fair business.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.

Low's Grand Opera House (William H. Low, Jr., proprietor): Frank Mayo 21st and week. Kerwella, Wheatley and Traynor co. 5th. The concert at this house by American Band was attended by a very select and appreciative audience.

Providence Opera House (George Hackett, manager): Janauschek, 17th, 18th, 19th; Palmer and Daly Vacation co. played to very light business the entire engagement. Gus Williams in One of the Finest week of 21st; Madison Square Theatre co. in Esmeralda, Jan. 7, 8, 9; Haverly's Minstrels, 24th, 25th, 26th.

Theatre Comique (Hopkins and Morrow, managers): Arrivals 19th: Harry Richmond's Specialty co., Wayne Wilson, Tierney and Gibson, Purvis Sisters, Fields and Hanson, Inman Sisters, Annie Livingstone, Vesse White, Kelly and Magee. The attendance at this popular resort the past week has been the largest of the season. By special request the afterpiece (by John D. Griffin, entitled Lindertagger and Fogarty's visit to Providence) will be continued for the week.

Drew's Dime Museum: Arrivals 24th: Chang, the Chinese Giant, Charles and Henry, Clarence White, Zip, the What is It, Little Sophie Schultz, Master Sam Bishop, Mme Rossi, George Callahan, Sawyer, Famous Prince Quartette, Melrose and Dennis. Departures 22d: Rotascuba. Sig. Balberga made a great hit at this place with his specialties as conjurer.

Music Hall: Jan. 7, Messiah by the Mendelssohn Society, assisted by Germania Orchestra of Boston.

TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE.

Masonic Theatre (J. O. Milson, manager): Emma Abbott Opera co. appeared 19th, in Rigoletto, to a packed house, and very general satisfaction was given. Signor Tagliapietra, an especial favorite here, was in splendid voice, and his fine acting was a surprise to all. The reception of the other principals, Miss Abbott and Mrs. Seguin, was very cordial and appreciative. Modjeska, with a superior support, appeared 20th, in Camille; As You Like It 21st; Frou-Frou on 22d, at matinee, and Twelfth Night, evening, to large and fashionable houses. During her stay here, of nearly a week, she was the recipient of many social attentions from our citizens.

CHATTANOOGA.

James' Hall (Stoops Brothers, managers): Charlotte Thompson, 11th, in New Jane Eyre, to a good house. Very good support. Bertha Welby Jan 2.

COLUMBIA.

Grand Opera House (H. P. Seavy, manager): Emma Abbott, in Lucia, to a whole house reserved. By request she sang "The Last Rose of Summer."

TEXAS.

SHERMAN.

Sherman Opera House (C. W. Batsell, manager): A $400 house greeted Charles L. Davis, 13th. It is a question as to whether it was the band or diamonds that drew. An appreciative audience assembled at the benefit tendered Lillian Brown and co. 14th. They were assisted by the well-known amateurs, Mrs. Charles L. Harris, C. D. and Joseph Lusk, John Ryan and Carlo Lamond. J. H. Haverly's Strategists created fun for a large crowd, 17th. Special mention of Henry B. Bell and Henry Linden is deserved.

Items: Mr. Batsell has re-leased the Opera House for three years.—The Jollities are busy making arrangements to go on again and it is their purpose to have the co. stronger than before. It is rumored that a prominent gentleman of Sherman has interested himself financially in the venture.—Lillian Brown has made many friends here and has shown herself to be a lady deserving of success.

FORT WORTH.

Opera House (Max Elser, manager): Fred Warde and co. closed, 14th, in Damon and Pythias, to a large audience and gave a very good performance. John T. Malone, as Pythias, divided the honors with Mr. Warde. Anna Boyle as Calanthe deserves special mention. She was forbidden to play on account of being sick, but still went through her part well. Charles E. Ford's Comic Opera co. appeared, 17th, in Beggar Student; 18th in Rip Van Winkle. Poor houses. Co. very good and deserved better. It seems that those who deserve patronage are always sure to have empty chairs. Alice May, Louise Kissing, Philip Branson and Miss Mitchell took their parts well and were loudly applauded. Miss Eisring became a favorite at once. The chorus was very good. On account of Philip Branson being sick the Beggar Student was cut short. Lights o' London, 20th, 21st, to large business.

HOUSTON.

Pillot's Opera House (J. E. Rielly, manager): Florence Gerald and Marlande Clarke in A Friend, 14th, 15th, houses light. Hess Opera co. in Martha, 18th, to fine business, every seat in parquet and circle being taken. Matinee, 19th, Bohemian Girl; evening, Fra Diavolo, to crowded houses.

Gray's Opera House (Sears and Johnson, managers): Ida Soldona' Female Mastodons, 13th, to a $300 house. Dion Boucicault, 29th, three nights.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Salt Lake Theatre (Caine and Clawson, managers): J. S. Lindsay was the recipient of a complimentary benefit, tendered him by local talent 12th. There was a good attendance and all went well. The old-time play of Ingomar was the title role. The season of the wily church fair is upon us; and the ladies of Catholic faith hold the Salt Lake Theatre one week in that capacity for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital. T. A. Lyne, an old Salt Lake actor, and J. S. Lindsay have kindly tendered their assistance to the same.

Walker Opera House (D. Banks McKenzie, manager): The Chicago Church Choir opened the 17th in Iolanthe to a good house. Miss Beebe, Miss Rommelein and Miss Bowers were the particular favorites, and were recalled, as also were Mr. Hart and Mr. Herbert. They will, no doubt, draw out large audiences during the remainder of their stay.

VIRGINIA.

DANVILLE.

Opera House (J. E. Cattlin, manager): Alice Oates, under the management of Frank Dobson, 19th and 20th, to large and well-pleased houses. Miss Oates and co. were entertained at a supper by J. E. Cattlin, local manager, and Emanuel Goetz, the treasurer. Several distinguished gentlemen were in the party, which did not break up until the small hours. The following ladies and gentlemen were present: Alice Oates and husband, Mabel Mortimer, Agnes Leonard, Irene Linley, Annie Wells, Miss Knight, Miss Multon, Harry Lindley, Mr. Knight, Mr. Van Anten, J. E. Mills, F. Strong, S. Brennan and Frank Dobson.

LYNCHBURG.

The Alice Oates Opera co. 17th, 18th. Their business was not very good. Bad local notices in one of the Norfolk (Va.) papers hurt them. Miss Oates was in good voice and gave general satisfaction. The co. will be strengthened in a few days. The Langtry boom here is on the decline; there are very many good seats still unsold. She will have the largest house of the season, being exhibited as a rare and costly curiosity.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (R. L. Marsh, manager): Mountain Pink co. played a return engagement 16th to fair business. Mestayer's Tourists opened 17th for four nights, including some very clever variety artists in sketches, etc. Business fair.

Academy of Music (Harry Deakin, manager): Charles W. Fish's Circus has had the boards since the 14th. A circus on a stage is rather a novelty for Milwaukee play-goers. Fish's riding and the acrobatic feats of Cayer and Dorr are the most noteworthy features.

Items: Owing to cold stormy weather the attendance at the different theatres has not been what it might be.—Sieuby's still continues to do a good business with a well-selected company.—The McCaull Opera Comique co. at the Grand and Alvin Joslin at the Academy will be the Christmas week attractions.—The appearance of The Christmas Mirror is being anxiously looked for.

BELOIT.

Goodwin's Opera House (S. Goodwin and Son, proprietors): The Tourists, 14th, gave the fair audience present one of the best performances of the season. Fun in a Boarding School 20th to very small house; deservedly so. George C. Miln as Hamlet 28th; The Mystics, Jan. 7 and 8; Mountain Pink co., 14th.

PORTAGE.

Dullaghan's Opera House (John Dullaghan, Jr., manager): Fun in a Boarding School 21st, by the Ellard Comedy co., to small house. But those present thoroughly enjoyed the bright fun of Lizzie Ellard and the Irish wit of Harry Mark.

WYOMING.

LARAMIE CITY.

Blackburn Hall (Lee Sharpe, manager): Walter S. Mont' Boston Operatic Minstrels, 6th and 7th. Although dropping in here unknown and almost unannounced, good houses greeted them, and, as it proved, deservingly too, for they gave a really meritorious performance.

Items: At last, after much vexatious delay, work has commenced on the stage and interior finishing of Holliday's Opera House. The contract was let Monday awarded H. W. Barbour, who has a thorough knowledge of this work. He expects to have it completed within ninety days, when we are promised the best planned stage and settings in the West. This announcement is hailed with joy by theatre-goers, and one and all accord to Mr. Holliday full praise for his enterprise and nerve in erecting such a fine structure in this little town for their gratification and pleasure.—W. H. Bintz has retired from the management of Blackburn Hall, and is succeeded by Lee Sharpe.

CHEYENNE.

Cheyenne Opera House (D. C. Rhodes, manager): The Boston Operatic Minstrels 19th to good house, but gave poor satisfaction. Leonard Grover Comedy co. 17th to 1 night, the Tantiny. This co. wanted to play the Boarding House, but as they have no right to the piece, Manager Rhodes set his foot down.

(CONTINUED ON TENTH PAGE.)

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

Ada Gray: Toronto, 24, week; Port Hope, Ont., 31; Kingston, Jan. 2; Belleville, 3; Ottawa, 4-6; Prescott, 7; Montreal, 7, week; Port Huron, Mich., 14, Flint, 15; E. Saginaw, 16; Bay City, 17; Grand Rapids, 18, 19.

Aldrich and Parsloe: Brooklyn, 24, week; Baltimore, 31, week.

Annie Pixley (Robert Fulford, manager). Brooklyn, 24, week.

Augustin Daly's Company No. 2: Chicago, 17, two weeks; Milwaukee, 31; Jan. 1, 2; Minneapolis, 3, 4, 5; Rock Island, Ill., 7; Bloomington, 8; Springfield, 9; Indianapolis, 10, 11, 12.

Adams' Humpty Dumpty: St. Louis, 24, week; Cleveland, 31, week; N. Y. City, Jan. 7, week.

Boston Theatre Co. (Jalma): Philadelphia, 24, three weeks; Baltimore, Jan. 14; Cincinnati, 28.

Boston Theatre Co. (White Slave): Farmington, Mass., 29; Lowell, 31; Newburyport, Jan. 1; Lawrence, 2; Nashua, N. H., 3; Keene, 4; Bellows Falls, Vt., 5; Burlington, 7; Brattleboro, 8; Greenfield, Mass., 9; Northampton, 10; Westfield, 11; Northampton, 12; Holyoke, 14; Meriden, Ct., 15; Willimantic, 16; Webster, Mass., 17; Worcester, 18, 19.

Bunch of Keys (Frank Sanger, manager): N. Y. City, 25, one week; Holyoke, Mass., 31; Hartford, Ct., Jan. 1; Worcester, Mass., 2; New Haven, 3, 4, 5; Williamsburg, 7, week.

Bunch of Keys (Dudley McAdow, manager): Harrisburg, 27; Lancaster, 28; Wilmington, Del., 29; Reading, Pa., Jan. 1; Paterson, N. J., 4, 5.

Black Dwarf Co.: Mauch Chunk, Pa., 27; Shamokin, 29; Danville, 31; Williamsport, Jan. 1; Lock Haven, 2; Renova, 3; Olean, N. Y., 4; Bradford, Pa., 5; Bolivar, N. Y., 7; Corry, Pa., 8; Oil City, 9; Franklin, 10; Meadville, 11; Sharon, 12; Newcastle, 14; E. Liverpool, O., 15.

Bella Moore (W. A. Gregg, manager): Washington, Pa., 31; McKeesport, Jan. 2; Connellsville, 3.

Bertha Welby (H. A. D'Arcy, manager): Lexington, Ky., 27; Frankfort, 28; Gallatin, Tenn., 29; Nashville, 31, Jan. 1; Chattanooga, 2; Knoxville, 3; Rome, Ga., 4, 5.

Barney McAuley: Lyons, 27; Geneva, 28; Auburn, 29; Syracuse, 31, Jan. 2; Cortland, 3; Waverly, 4; Pittston, Pa., 4; Wilkesbarre, 5; Williamsport, 7, 8; Shamokin, 9; Scranton, 11, 12; Bethlehem, 14; Allentown, 15; Mauch Chunk, 16; Pottsville, 17; Harrisburg, 18, 19; Pittsburg, 21, week.

Barry and Fay: Washington, 24, week; Baltimore, 31, week.

Baker and Farron (L. E. Wood, manager): Cleveland, 31, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 7, week; Columbus, 14, week.

Bartley Campbell's Siberia: Philadelphia, 24, two weeks; Chicago, Jan. 7, two weeks.

Bartley Campbell's White Slave: Rondout, N. Y., 28, 29; Albany, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Utica, 4; Rome, 5; Rochester, 7; Philadelphia, 14, week; Washington, 28, week.

Buffalo Bill (W. F. Cody): Olean, N. Y., 27; Williamsport, Pa., 28; Scranton, 29; Philadelphia, 31, week; Trenton, Jan. 7; Newark, 8; Waterbury, Ct., 9; New Haven, 10; Hartford, 11; Providence, 12, week; Cleveland, 14, week; Buffalo, 21, 22; Erie, Pa., 24; Newcastle, 25; Youngstown, O., 26; Pittsburg, 28, week.

Ben Cotton Co: Waterloo, Ia., 28, 29; Webster City, 31; Ft. Dodge, Jan. 1; Lemars, 2, 3; Sioux City, 4, 5; Fremont, Neb., 7, 8; Council Bluffs, 10, 11, 12; Lincoln, 14, 15, 16; Plattsmouth, 17; Weston, Ia., 18, 19; Chicago, 21, week.

Clara Morris: Atchison, Kan., Jan. 2; Topeka, 3; Kansas City, Mo., 3, 4, 5.

C. B. Bishop: Selma, Ala., 27; Meridian, Miss., 28, 29; Pensacola, Fla., 29, 31.

Charlotte Thompson (F. L. Veranee, manager): Indianapolis, 27, 28, 29; Cincinnati, 31, week; Chicago, Jan. 7, week; N. Y. City, 28, two weeks.

Chanfrau: Williamsburg, 24, week; Brooklyn, 31, week; York, Pa., Jan. 7; Frederick, Md., 8; Cumberland, 9; Parkersburg, W. Va. 10; Marietta, O., 11; Chillicothe, 12; Columbus, 14, 15.

Carrie Swain: Chambersburg, Pa., 27; Carlisle, 28; Bridgeton, N. J., 29; Elizabeth, 31; Paterson, Jan. 1; Trenton, 2; Reading, Pa., 3.

C. A. Gardner (John W. Dunn, manager): Ft. Wayne, Ind., 27; Coldwater, Mich., 28; Kalamazoo, 29; Grand Rapids, 30, Jan. 1; Lansing, 2; St. Louis, 3; E. Saginaw, 4; Bay City, 5; Saginaw City, 7; Port Huron, 8; Flint, 9; Ypsilanti, 10; Ann Arbor, 11; Toledo, O., 12.

C. L. Davis: Janesville, Wis., 27; Freeport, Ill., 28; Rockford, 29.

C. L. Howard's Co.: Jersey City, 24, week; Newark, 31, week; Boston, Jan 7, week.

Charles Collins: Stevenson, N. Y., 24, week; Anden, 31, week; Delhi, Jan. 7, week; Paterson, N. J., 14, week.

Devil's Auction (Frank Gardner, manager): St. Louis, 24, week; Chicago, 31, week; Ft Wayne, Ind., Jan. 7; Lima, O., 8; Canton, 9, 10; Akron, 11, 12; Cleveland, 14, week; Pittsburg, 21, week.

Danites Co.: St. Louis, 27, two weeks; Cincinnati, 31, week; Columbus, Jan. 7

Denman Thompson: Franklin, 27; Meadville, 28; Newcastle, 29; Buffalo, 31, week; Horneliesville, N. Y., Jan. 7; Batavia, 8; Syracuse, 9; Gaffenburg, 10, Oswego, 11; Rome, 12; Rochester, 14, week; Geneva, 21; Utica, 22; Amsterdam, 23; Albany, 24, 25, 26; Brooklyn, 28, week.

Dion Boucicault: St. Louis, 24, week; Montgomery, Ala., Jan. 1; Atlanta, Ga., 2; Augusta, 4; Macon, 7; Savannah, 8, 9, 10; Charleston, 11, 12.

Dan Maguinness: Putnam, Ct., 27; Woonsocket, R. I., 28; Southbridge, Mass., 29; Webster, 31; Waterbury, Ct., Jan. 1; Stamford, 2; Winsted, 3; Ansonia, 4; Bridgeport, 5.

Draper's Uncle Tom Co.: Huntington, Ind., Jan. 3.

Edwin Booth: N. Y. City, Dec. 10, six weeks; Philadelphia, Jan. 7.

Emilie Ambs: Baltimore, 24, two weeks

Fanny Davenport (Fedora): Syracuse, 27; Amsterdam, 28; Troy, 29; Gloversville, 31; Utica, Jan. 1; Ithaca, 2; Binghamton, 3; Elmira, 4; Jamestown, 5; Buffalo, 7, week.

Frank Mayo (Sheridan Corbyn, manager): Lawrence, Mass., 27; Brockton, 28; Fall River, 29; Providence, 31, week.

Florences: Indianapolis, Jan. 3, 4, 5; Cincinnati, 7, week; Cleveland, 14, week; Buffalo, 21, 22; Erie, Pa., 24; Newcastle, 25; Youngstown, O., 26; Pittsburg, 28, week.

Flockton's Flying Dutchman Co.: Adrian, Mich., 28.

Fred. Warde (John J. Collins, manager): Tex., San Antonio, 25 to 30; Waco, Jan. 1, 2; Corsicana, 3; Bryan, 4; Brenham, 5; Galveston, 7, 8, 9; Houston, 10, 11; Beaumont, 12; Mobile, 14, 15; Meridian, 16; Columbus, 17, 18.

Fanny Morristayer: Mt Holly, N. J., 27; Bridgeton, 28; Millville, 29; Vineland, 31; Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 1; Alexandria, Va., 2; Gordonsville, 3; Petersburg, 4; Suffolk, 5; Elizabeth, N. C., 7; Norfolk, Va., 8; Tarboro, N. C., 9.

Fun on the Bristol: Detroit, 31, week.

Gus Williams (J. H. Robb, manager): Philadelphia, 24, week; Providence, 31, week.

Girl That I Love Co.: Wooster, O., 27; Massillon, 28; Canton, 29; Akron, 31, Jan. 1; Salem, 2; West Bridgewater, Pa., 3; Youngstown, O., 4; Newcastle, Pa., 5; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 8; Kokomo, 9; Frankfort, 10, 11; Danville, 12; Decatur, Ill., 12; St. Louis, 14, week; Cincinnati, 21, week.

George C. Miln: Madison, Wis., 27; Beloit, 28; Freeport, Ill., 29; Sterling, 31, Jan 1; Aurora, 2; Pontiac, 3; Bloomington, 4, 5; Peoria, 7, 8; Jacksonville, 11; Decatur, 14; Champaign, 15; Danville, 16; Crawfordsville, Ind., 17; Richmond, 18; Greenville, O., 19; Xenia, 21.

Haverly's Silver King No. 1 (W. H. Browne, mgr): Cleveland, 24, week; Toledo, 31, week; Detroit, Jan. 7, week; St. Louis, 14, week.

Haverly's Silver King No. 2: Minneapolis, 24, week; St Paul, 31, week.

Haverly's Silver King No. 3: Savannah, 27, 28, 29; Jacksonville, Fla., 31, Jan. 1; Pensacola, 2, 3; Mobile, Ala., 4, 5; New Orleans, 7, week.

Haverly's Strategists Co.: Nashville, 28, 29; Memphis, 31, Jan. 1, 2.

Hanlons (John G. Magie, manager.): New Orleans, 24, week; Mobile, 31, Jan. 1; Montgomery, 2, 3; Atlanta, 4, 5; Macon, 7, 8; Augusta, 9, 10; Savannah, 11, 12; Charleston, 14, 15; Columbia, 16, 17; Wilmington, N. C., 18, 19.

Henry Warren: Newark, O., 27; Shawnee, 28; Lancaster, 29; Logan, 31; Marietta, Jan. 1; Ashland, Ky., 2, 3; Paris, 4.

Hoyt Agnes Sweet Co. (Frank Rowan, manager): Cincinnati, 24, week; St. Louis, 31, week; Chicago, Jan. 7, week; Lafayette, Ind., 14; Terre Haute, 15, 16; Indianapolis, 17, 18, 19; Cincinnati, 21, week.

Hagans' of Oil (James A. Horne, manager): Nashville, 27; Evansville, Ind., 28; Kansas City, Mo., 31, Jan. 1, 2; Leavenworth, Kan., 3; Atchison, 4; Topeka, 5; St. Joseph, Mo., 7; Lincoln, Neb., 8; Council Bluffs, Ia., 9, 10; Omaha, 11, 12; Des Moines, 14; Keokuk, 15; Quincy, Ill., 16; Peoria, 17; Burlington, Ia., 18; Cedar Rapids, 19.

Hanson-Gotthold Co: San Francisco, 19, six weeks.

Hasty or Gold Co.: Chicago, 24, week; Cleveland, 31, week.

Harry Meredith's Rough on Pearls, Ill., 27; Columbus, 28, 29.

Hadley's McSorley's Inflation Co.: Cincinnati, 24, week.

Harry Lacy's Pleasure's Wife Co. (Emily Rigl): Bridgeport, Ct., Meriden, 25; Montreal, 31, week; N. Y. City, Jan. 7, week.

Hanson's Barney's Daughter Co.: Sandusky, O., 27; Canton, 28; Urbana, 29; Piqua, 31; Dayton, Jan. 1; Middletown, 2; Greenville, 3; Franklin, Ind., 4; Muncie, 5; Lima, O., 7; Van Wert, 8; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 9; Lafayette, 11; Frankfort, 12.

Harry Lacost: Baltimore, 24, week; Brooklyn, 31, week; Chicago, Jan. 7, two weeks; St. Louis, 21, week; Cincinnati, 28, week.

In your Range Co (Washington, 24, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 31, two weeks.

John McCullough (W. E. Conner, manager): Philadelphia, 24, two weeks; Boston, Jan. 7, three weeks.

Joseph Jefferson (H. L. Taylor, business manager): St. Louis, 24, week; Baltimore, 31, week; Washington, Jan. 7, week; open; Wilmington, N. C., 25; Charleston, 25, 26, 27; Savannah, 28, 29; Augusta, 31, 32.

Janauschek: Providence, 27, 28, 29; Worcester, Mass., 31; Milford, Jan. 1; Springfield, 2; Hartford, 3; New Haven, 4, 5.

John T. Raymond (Ariel N. Barney, business manager): Auburn, N. Y., 27; Rochester, 28, 29; N. Y. City (14th St.), 31, three weeks; New Brunswick, N. J., Jan. 21; Trenton, 22, 23; Pottsville, Pa., 24, 25; Scranton, 26; Cleveland, 28, 29, 30.

J. K. Emmet (George Wilson, manager): Baltimore, 24, week; Troy, 31, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 7, week; N. Y. City, 24, three weeks.

J. B. Studley: Utica, N. Y., 27.

James O'Neill: Cincinnati, 24, week.

Joseph Murphy: St. Louis, 24, week; Kansas City, Mo., 31, Jan. 1; Leavenworth, Kas., 2; Topeka, 3; St. Joe, Mo., 4; Lincoln, Neb., 5; Omaha, 7.

Jefferson Lewis (John A Stevens, manager): San Francisco, 24, six weeks.

John E. Owens: Hartford, Ct., 31; New Haven, Jan. 1; Ansonia, 2; Bridgeport, 3; Danbury, 4; Trenton, N. J., 5; Philadelphia, 7, week; New Brunswick, N. J., 14; Providence, 27, 28, 29; N. Y. City, 31, week.

Jennie Calef: Logansport, Ind., 28; Racine, Wis., Jan. 1.

J. Z. Little: Mansfield, O., 27; Springfield, 28, 29; Frankfort, Ky., 31; Lexington, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Anderson, 4, 5; Columbus, O., 7, 8; Delaware, 9; Dayton, 10; Bellefontaine, 11.

John T. Hind: Buffalo, 24, week.

Jesse James Co. (Barret's): Baltimore, 24, week.

Katie Putnam: Portland, Ore., 24, week.

Kitty Rhoades: Wellsville, O., 27, 28, 29; E. Liverpool, 31, Jan. 1, 2; Martin's Ferry, 3, 4, 5.

Kate Claxton: Lancaster, Pa., 29; N. Y. City, 31, week; Troy, Jan. 7, 8, 9; Albany, 10, 11, 12; N. Y. City, 24, week; Montreal, 21, week.

Kiralfys' Excelsior: Buffalo, 24, week.

Kiralfys' Black Crook: Cincinnati, 24, week.

Knights (Mr. and Mrs. George S.): Newark, N. J., 28, 29.

Lawrence Barrett (Joseph Levy, manager): Philadelphia, Mass., 27; Utica, N. Y., 28; Syracuse, 29; Cleveland, 31, week; N. Y. City, Jan. 7, week.

Lizzie Evans: Leavenworth, Kas., 27; St. Jos, 28, 29; Topeka, Kas., 31; Junction City, Jan. 2; Kingman, 3; Wichita, 4, 5; Wellington, 7; Mansfield, 8; Springfield, Mo., 10, 11; Carthage, 12, 13; Fort Smith, Ark., 28, 29; Little Rock, 31, 32; Pine Bluff, 33; Hot Springs, 34, 35, 36; Texarkana, 38.

Lights o' London (Raymond): R. H. Butler, manager: Coboes, N. Y., 27, 28, 29; Amsterdam, 30, 31, Jan. 1; Auburn, 2, 3; Lyons, 4, 5; Lockport, 7, 8; Jamestown, 9, 10; Warren, Pa., 11, 12; Dunkirk, N. Y., 14, 15; Olean, 16, 17; Harrisburgville, 18, 19; Elmira, 21, 22, 23; Williamsport, Pa., 24, 25, 26; Danville, 28, 29; Scranton, 30, 31, Feb. 1.

Lights o' London (Central): C. H. Kendall, manager): Cleveland, 24, week; Youngstown, O., 31, Jan. 1; Newcastle, Pa., 2, 3; Meadville, 4, 5; Pittsburg, 7, week; Philadelphia, 14, two weeks; N. Y. City, 28, three weeks.

Lights o' London (Warren): Walter Collins, Jr., manager): Louisville, 24, week; St. Louis, 31, week; Topeka, Kas., 7, 8, 9; Leavenworth, 10, 11, 12; Kansas City, Mo., 14, week; St. Joe, 21, week; Des Moines, Ia., 28, 29.

Lights o' London (Southern): Charles Atwood, manager): Austin, Tex., 25 to 29; Galveston, Jan. 1, 2; Houston, 3, 4, 5; New Orleans, 7, week; Montgomery, Ala., 21, 22, 23, 24, 25; Selma, 28, 29; Nashville, 31, week; Knoxville, 28, 29.

Lisetta Ellani: Bay City, Mich., 29; Saginaw, 31.

Monroe's: New Orleans, 31, two weeks.

Minnie Maddern (Legend White, manager): Houston, Tex., Jan. 1, 2; San Antonio, 3, 4, 5; Austin, 7, 8; Brenham, 9; Galveston, 10, 11, 12.

M. B. Curtis: Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 31; Coboes, Jan. 1; Schenectady, 2; Rondout, 3; Hudson, 4; Amsterdam, 5; Syracuse, 7, 8; Lockport, 9; Buffalo, 10, 11, 12; Rockford, Pa., 14; Erie, 15; Akron, O., 17; Canton, 18; Mansfield, 19.

Maude Granger (Her Second Love): Cleveland, 31, week; N. Y. City, Jan. 7, two weeks.

Mestayer-Barton Co.: Washington, 31, week; Baltimore, Jan. 7, week.

Milton Nobles: Shreveport, La., 26, 27; Marshall, Tex., 28; Jefferson, 29; Texarkana, 31; Paris, Jan. 1; Brenham, 2; Sherman, 3; Denison, 4; Gainesville, 5; Dallas, 7, 8; Fort Worth, 9, 10; Waco, 11, 12; Austin, 14, 15; San Antonio, 16, 17.

Marie Prescott: Detroit, 24, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 14, week.

Maggie Mitchell:

NEW YORK MIRROR

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, . . Editor.

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NEW YORK, - - DECEMBER 29, 1883.

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Armstrong's Minstrels (2)
Adams, Burton
Adams, Daisy
Anderson, Will
Appleton, Miss M.
Archer, Herbert
Belgarde, Adele
Bennett, Lottie
Bowers, D. P. Mrs.
Burnside, Jean
Carden, J. E.
Carson, Annie
Carlton, Geo.
Casewell, Helen
Cordel, Roland
Coldrick, Adam
Conway, C. D.
Conrad, Miss Fannie
Crocker, H. W., mgr.
Cressman, Matt
Cron, Tommy
Cross, John W.
Cudney, T. W. H. (2)
Darrow, J. O.
Darrow, Jas.
Dicks, Russell (2)
Dutter, Will
Dawson, Helen
Desjamin, Col. J. B.
Dixon, Elliot
Dyde, J. E. (2)
Dixon, Ed. L.
Barton, C. A.
Dobbler, Emma
Barry, Edwin
Bangs, Frank
Burroughs, C. S.
Brown, J. H.
Bonner, Miss M.
Brown, F. B.
Combaties (4)
Clarke, Kit
Chester, Kate (2)
Clancy, Laura
Conley, Fannie
Chorley, Mr. (2)
Cassidy, Mrs Geo.
Casement, S. C.
Chiles, Nat.
Campbell, Bartley
Clarke, Addie
Crane, Mr. (2)
Cleveland, W. S. (2)
Castleton, Kate
Chambers, F. S.
Corbyn, Sheridan (2)
De Haas, J. G. (3)
Daniels, Carrie
Davenport, Louise
DeVere, Miss Nellie
Dickson, H. A. (2)
Driscoll, Miss Gussie
Dunbar, Geo. B.
Dailey, Fred
Drury, Miss C. E. (2)
Dawson, W. M.
DeWitt, L. O.
DeGlister, Mlle T.
Day, E. M.
Danielle, Mattie E. (2)
Dauvilliers, W. G.
Dixon, Fred
Evans, Mrs. J.
Edmonds, C. J.
Foley, Katie
Fawsley, T. D.
Frank, Jos.
Ferguson, Robt. V.
Fisher, Harry, (2)
Ferguson, W. J.
Fay Comedy co.
French Spy Troupe
Fredrik, Fannie
Fassler, Marion
Gray, Miss Angie (2)
Gray, Miss Ethel
Galloway, Geo. N. (2)
Garrick, Miss Florence
Gill, Wm. (2)
Girard, Mrs. O. G.
Graves, C. H.
Gunn, Robt. (2)
Graham, R. E.
Gardiner, E. M.
Gould, F. W.
Golden, Martin
Grimes, Frank
Howe, J. A.
Hoyt & Gold company
Hoffman, Emma
Huntington, W.
Hoyle, Belle
Hill, Burt or
Hayward, L. R.
Hoey, Harry
Hopkins, Jos'l
Harrison, Frank (2)
Hudson, F. O.
Holland, Mr.
Henderson, Mr.
Hoey, Will H.
Hill, Pauline
Holdsen, J. M.
Hamerick, Henry
Hamilton, F. C.
Jones, G. H.
Jack, Emma (2)
Jones, Louis
Johnson, James
Joss, George
Kendricks, F. M.
Kinsley, I.
Kellogg, Florence D.
Lotz, Jas. A.
Lewis, Jeffreys, Mgr. (2)
Little, R. A.
Leonard, Agnes.
Lawrence, Mr.
Laugtry combination.
Lewis, Jeffreys.
Lyster, Fred (2)
Leavitt, M. B.
Long, Chas.
Lenzberg, F. A.
Lincoln, W. F.
Levick, Gus
Mountcastle, Fannie E.
Morgan, Edw. B.
McCullough, Ed
Manzoo, Lawrence
Mitchell, Maggie, Mgr.
Moore, Maud
Mack, Fannie B.
Markham, Pauline
Mortimer, Geo.
Mack, J. H.
Mitchell, Harry.
Meisener, Etta.
M. R
Murray, Herbert S.
Masters, John E.
Melville, T. W.
Morgan, D. H. (2)
Mallory, J. L., Jr.
Mann, Geo
Mackaye, Steele (2)
Manager.
Moorley, Ronld, Miss
Mortimer, Ned
Morris, J. A.
Mardell, Miss E.
Modenoni, Sig. C.
Martin, A.
Mallory, Wm.
Nobles, Milton.
N. Y. Opera Co.
Potter, F. W.
Padden, G. E.
Post, Lilly (2)
Paul, F. W.
Paulding, Fred (2)
Poulain, L. N.
Pixley, Annie.
Page, W. H.
Phillips, Harry
Piggott, Sol
Pharazyn, Prof.
Peck, Nellie
Reiffarth, J.
Reed, Roland, Manager
Ryan, R.
Randal, Robert R.
Rigl, Emily
Russell, J. H. (2)
Robinson, Geo. S.
Rhodes, J. F.
Richardson, L.
Roberts
Parke, Miss K.
Robinson, Harry
Ross, Miss P.
Ross, Willie
Stanhope, Miss
Sedgwick, Helen
Sawtley, Mabel
Stoddard, A. E.
Schowell, Rose.
Stevens, E. A.
Shattuck, Lillian B.
Stockton, Ella
Smith Comedy co.
Swett, E. C. (2)
Sheldon, Wm.
Simpson, Alfred S.
Saber, Rose
Shinn, J. H.
Steven, Fannie
Slapter, Jos. (2)
Sterling, May
St. Quinton, Miss
Tee, E.
Temple, Miss N. (2)
Thorset, Ed.
Thomas, Gus
Tyler, Geo.
Turner, W. D.
Thatcher, George
Taylcure, R. L.
Tracy, Helen
Van Heych, Sara
Vincent, C. T.
Whitney, J. F.
Wagner, Cal
Wendhall, W. P.
Webber, Lizzie.
Webster, A. C. (2)
Wiren, Rodney S.
Wells, G.
Ward's Co.
Walton, Harry
Walton, Mrs.
Weed, L. E.
Wilson, C. T.
Wyndham, Chas. (4)
Wilson, H. T.
Ware, Miss G.
Young, Miss M.

*** The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.*

A New Volume.

With the present issue THE MIRROR begins another volume. The Christmas Number closed the old one most fittingly. Its immediate success far exceeded our expectations. The dealers in this city found the first supply unequal to the demand, and clamored at the doors of the News Company for extra copies, which were given them after the heavy calls from out-of-town had been filled. To quote the language of one of the largest dealers in town, they sold "like hot cakes." The energies of our clerical force have been taxed to the utmost in attending to the wants of special mail subscribers, of whom there have been several thousands, several direct and through our correspondents.

The appearance and contents of the Christmas Number have drawn forth comments from many of our contemporaries, and scores of letters of congratulation from members of the profession and others. The manager of a leading opera company writes from Canada: "Allow me to compliment you on the appearance of your Christmas Number. In my humble opinion, it surpasses any holiday number yet issued, not only in looks, but in matter as well." This is a fair specimen of what the mails have brought us.

For the new year just beginning THE MIRROR need make no promises. It will continue to reflect with fidelity the affairs of the amusement world, and will sustain its well-established reputation for fairness, cleanliness, vigor and enterprise, as befits the organ of the dramatic profession.

Lotta in London.

The meagre reports by cable of Lotta's London debut are not reassuring to the friends of the blithesome young lady who had confidently expected her to duplicate abroad the success she has enjoyed at home. It may be, when further particulars are received and the London playgoers and critics have had time to mature their judgment, that our favorite comedienne will be found to have passed more happily through the ordeal than present intelligence leads us to suppose.

Two things militated against Lotta's achieving success on the occasion of her London debut. One was bad management; the other was the presence among the audience of that uncontrollable rowdy element which has so often made the play-houses of the British metropolis the scenes of disgraceful disturbances.

The bad management was manifested in an inability to make Lotta's true position in this country known through the medium of the press. It was also shown in the selection of Musette—confessedly a mere vehicle for the star's specialties—for her debut. Ineffectually announced beforehand and unfavorably introduced in a play that the author admits has no pretensions to literary merit, our favorite was naturally heavily handicapped.

But as if this were not enough, she had the pack of noisy and unfriendly ruffians in the gallery to contend against. From the manner in which they jeered, hooted and assailed Lotta with rough epithets, it appears that they possessed neither gallantry nor common decency. Such a demonstration would be disgraceful under any circumstances, but to make a woman—and a clever woman—the target for low abuse rouses our heartiest indignation. Were such a demonstration possible in a New York theatre, the turbulent and indecent mob would have been clubbed out of the theatre by the police.

Lotta has one consolation that compensates for the gross indignities that have been heaped upon her in London: Whenever she desires to return to the land where her fame was established, she may do so with the full conviction that there are thousands of play-goers ready to give her a hearty welcome home.

An Organ for Variety Folks.

An esteemed contemporary of ours, after years of patient thought and research, has reached the conclusion that the difference between the dramatic profession and the variety people is so slight it cannot be considered a difference at all. Acting upon this important discovery, it practically proceeds to illustrate the advantage thereof by blending the names of John McCullough and Johnny Purvis; the statuesque Mary Anderson and "Nature's Models of Living Statuary," the Misses So-and-So; Booth, the tragedian, and Bogan, the banjo-man; the London Theatre and London dramatic happenings; Vaughn, the business manager, and Vaughn, the refined imitator of animals; Joseph Murphy, the comedian, and Paddy Murphy, the select variety entertainer, in its pages. In order to carry out the analogy thoroughly, our esteemed contemporary brings into close juxtaposition the nobs and nobodies of both branches of the amusement business, and editorially argues that both are in reality one and the same, to be designated by the broad term "the profession."

Very likely the new departure of our esteemed contemporary will please the variety folks. It is their ambition and their pride to be classed among the "perfesh," as they they have elegantly christened the disciples of the art dramatic. And they have long stood in want of an exclusively representative newspaper. They have had the *Clipper*, it is true; but their interests have there been so confounded with the base-ball and the various other sporting "professions" that they really had no organ of their own before our esteemed contemporary discovered the indissoluble affinity existing between variety and the legitimate drama.

How the members of the profession—we should say the actors—will tackle to the new departure which classifies them with the gentlemen and ladies who sing comic songs, dance in clog shoes, turn somersaults and caper for the edification of the great unwashed, remains to be seen. They may, indeed, esteem their occupation as the noblest of all arts, and they may resent the attempted consolidation of the variety business with it as an insult to the dignity and self-respect of their calling.

However this may be, we wish our esteemed contemporary success in the field it purposes to cover; and should it suffer, as a result of the indignation we have suggested, a withdrawal of the dramatic patronage it has hitherto enjoyed, we presume it will find ample consolation in the support and appreciation of the variety performers to whom it has begun catering.

The defection of our esteemed contemporary, by the way, leaves THE MIRROR the sole exclusively dramatic paper published in this country. One by one would-be rivals have fallen by the way, but THE MIRROR, like "The Brook" and Hazel Kirke, goes merrily on forever. Better had it been for most of these luckless journals had they, like our esteemed contemporary, struck out upon a new tack in the hope of retrieving themselves.

Our Jack i' the Box.

Haverly is a truly remarkable man. He always falls on his feet. Theatres pass under and out of his control; wiseacres prophecy his speedy ruin; his "downs" are reported more frequently than his "ups," and yet he invariably bobs up serenely to the surface, evincing a deep-rooted objection to being shoved under.

Having purchased the old-established San Francisco Minstrels, he turns them out and converts their hall into a comedy theatre. His latest move is the opening of a Dramatic Exchange on a large scale, provided with the means for carrying on a mammoth business. Haverly pops up at frequent intervals, like a Jack i' the box, where he is least expected. No pent-up Utica confines his powers. It is only a question of time (and longevity) when he will control the earth.

Newspaper Credulity.

A shrewdly qualified report that Mary Anderson had accepted an offer of marriage from the wealthy Duke of Portland was cabled from London the other day. The bait was immediately swallowed by the credulous editors down town, and published with bold head-lines in their papers. Of course the inevitable denial arrived next day, but not until the ancestry, social standing and worldly possessions of the alleged ducal *fiance* had been described in columns of print.

The rumor, no doubt, found its rise in the fanciful brain of a London correspondent. Beyond exposing the reckless credulity of some of our newspapers, which give the same assurance to an *on dit* as if it were an actual fact, the bit of idle gossip calls attention to the consistent attitude Miss Anderson has always maintained in regard to the married state. Not more zealously did the vestals of old devote their lives to guarding the sacred fires in the temples than this actress to the strict discipline of her profession. She has frequently asserted that she is wedded to her art, and that under no consideration will she relinquish it for domestic joys. Of course, "the best laid plans of mice and men" (and women, too, for that matter) often are disturbed, and it is quite possible that our youthful and beautiful tragedienne, when she has grown older—and wiser—may experience a change of views. At all events, she is too good an American to choose a partner elsewhere than from her native soil.

Meanwhile, though England has lost a duchess, our stage has kept its queen.

Mid-Season.

The holiday lull is upon us and we have time to briefly glance back at and look forward to the events of the season in this city. Thus far the Winter has been eminently satisfactory to the public. They have been treated to the cream of theatrical and operatic attractions. Nilsson and Patti and Irving and Booth form a quartet of the world's celebrities whose performances we have been able to enjoy. The list of our playhouses—the handsomest and most commodious in the world—has undergone several important additions, and by the destruction of two theatres through fire, the law of average has been maintained. We have had submitted to our judgment the best plays from the other side of the water, and the American dramatist has received more than ordinary recognition.

From now until Lent business will probably be brisk. There are a number of novelties in preparation. Lady Clare will be done at Wallack's; several pieces are under consideration at the Madison Square, and comedies by Selina Dolaro Bartley Campbell and a play by Elliott Barnes are arranged for production at the Union Square. For the combination houses a varied assortment of miscellaneous attractions are booked. Every class of star and play will be presented in rapid rotation.

"Make hay while the sun shines" is a motto that managers have learned to appreciate—even in Winter. They need not be urged to stow away their shekels at the time of the year when things are liveliest. Some of them have had heavy odds to fight against in the big opera seasons and the Irving and Booth engagements, but the public is liberal to those deserving of their patronage. Our astute business men should not forget that their best chance for clearing profit is between now and Lent. When that finishes, the season is apt to peter out at short warning.

Personal.

MURPHY.—Joseph Murphy is having an exceptionally prosperous season. Shaun Rhue, a play that was not appreciated by the masses in former seasons, has jumped into popular favor, and Kerry Gow has longer resting spells, Mr. Murphy's well-known face appears above.

GARDINER.—C. R. Gardiner is in the city.

LEE.—Harry Lee was about town yesterday.

BURGESS.—Neil Burgess is doing very well on the road with Vim.

MCCALL.—Lizzie McCall has been engaged by Stetson for the season.

CODY.—W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is booked to appear at two city theatres shortly.

PRESCOTT.—According to late advices, Marie Prescott's business is improving.

CAMPOBELLO.—The Signor was announced to join Emma Abbott in New Orleans.

HOWSON.—John Howson will appear in Old Heads and Young Hearts at Wallack's.

FOSBERG.—Harold Fosberg has made the principal hit in The Pavements of Paris.

EDOUIN.—Willie Edouin and his wife, Alice Atherton, are soon to return from Europe.

ABBEY.—Henry E. Abbey, who has been indisposed for some time, is rapidly mending.

TEMPLE.—It is currently reported that Edward Temple is to be married again shortly.

PHELPS.—Phelps, the new tenor at the Casino, has not made a very favorable impression.

WHEELOCK.—Joe Wheelock, the Dave of an Esmeralda, will play Steye in May Blossom.

STEMBLER.—May Stembler, of Rice's Surprise Party, is being sought after for comic opera.

LEVICK.—Gus Levick is doing very well this season with the Clara Morris company, playing leads.

MARKHAM.—Pauline Markham appeared in the Two Orphans at New Haven on Christmas Day.

SHERIDAN.—John F. Sheridan, according to latest advices, is not meeting with his former success in England.

EYRE.—Gerald Eyre is receiving great praise for his performance in Judge Barrett's play, An American Wife.

TILOTSON.—Abbey's lieutenant, W. H. Tilotson, has removed his quarters to the Metropolitan Opera House.

KNIGHT—George S. Knight was in town on Monday, engaging people for his company through Spies and Smart.

ST. MAUR.—Harry St. Maur is winning praise for his acting in Confusion with Stetson's travelling company.

HILL.—Caroline Hill has not yet signed with Lester Wallack for next season, although the contrary has been reported.

WILLIAMS.—Gus Williams will shortly produce a sequel to One of the Finest, called Captain Mishler, of the Finest.

MORRIS.—As the Alsatian peasant in The Pavements of Paris, Felix Morris deserves mention. He is a versatile actor.

CAYVAN.—Georgia Cayvan keeps within a short radius of New York, playing only special engagements in the principal cities.

STETSON.—John Stetson returned to the city on Friday, but left for Boston again on Saturday. He will be absent a week.

HAUK.—Minnie Hauk spent Christmas in New York. She will resume her concert tour after New Year's, and go South and West.

CAMP.—James B. Camp, late with Barney McAuley's company, has been appointed treasurer of the Masonic Temple at Louisville.

XMAS.—The day was passed pleasantly by professionals in town. Those who had matinees celebrated after the night performance.

ARTHUR.—Lillord Arthur yesterday signed a contract to go out as agent for The Strugglers of Paris. He wired us to work at once.

MORTON.—George Morton, who is playing leading support to Minnie Maddern, is receiving favorable notices from the provincial press.

MIDGETS.—Bijou Fernandez, Carrie Elberts and May Germon are three pretty little child actresses at present playing in the Metropolis.

MARTINOT.—Sadie Martinot has scored a hit in Confusion. Her acting and the comedy of Harry Diney are said to give the piece great go.

BINGHAM.—W. H. Bingham writes from Buffalo that Excelsior has astonished the natives and taken business from other attractions.

CLAXTON.—Kate Claxton and her husband, Charles Stevenson, formally entered into possession of the Third Avenue Theatre on Christmas Eve.

PIXLEY.—On our first page this week we print a fine portrait of Annie Pixley as M'liss. The clever soubrette will appear Monday week at the New Park.

BONIFACE.—Stella Boniface, although surrounded by great talent in The Glass of Fashion, holds a good place compared with the remainder of the cast.

MULDENER.—Louise Muldener has been specially engaged to play Lisa in The White Slave with the Boston Theatre company through New England.

CODY.—For our correspondents to tell the tale of light business for Buffalo Bill is something hitherto unknown; but we must meekly bow to their veracity.

TANNENBAUM.—Manager Jake Tannenbaum, of Montgomery, Ala., has been lying very low with malarial fever. We are pleased to say that he is convalescing.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport left for Rochester on Sunday evening. She will be in town again three weeks hence, returning to play a Brooklyn engagement.

ANDERSON.—Dr. Griffin has ordered from a Kentucky whiskey firm $20 worth of the best Kentucky hand-made sour-mash whiskey, to be presented to the Prince of Wales.

MERRY.—Harley Merry intends to contribute his quota to make Christmas merry. He has had his extensive studio photographed, and presents his friends with copies.

WINSTON.—Jeannie Winston (Mrs. A. H. Bell) has been very well received by the Chicago press and the public. She is playing with the McCaull Opera company.

WILLIAMS.—Fred Williams, the stage manager of Niblo's, has been presented with a gold-headed cane. This mode of testifying appreciation is general at this festive season.

BISHOP.—C. B. Bishop has abandoned the one-piece system, and is doing very fairly with his repertoire, Our Boys, Strictly Business, and Wanted a Thousand Milliners.

BONIFACE.—G. C. Boniface will probably star for a few weeks in Civilization. It is an adaptation from a work by Voltaire, and was first played in this country by J. W. Wallack, in 1853.

WELSH.—Marie Welsh has written a piece called The Guardsman's Pledge. It serves to introduce a scene illustrating the bombardment of Alexandria during the recent Egyptian rumpus.

VANONI.—Marie Vanoni was surprised at being fined for breaking the Bijou rules by walking through the auditorium. All performers are instructed to enter or depart by the stage door.

GRAHAME.—J. G. Grahame, who came over with Mrs. Langtry, but left her company and joined the Madison Square forces, is well received on the road in his acting as Lord Travers in Hazel Kirke.

BARRINGTON.—Eva Barrington, formerly with the opera companies of McCaull and Comley and Barton, presented her husband, Louis Barrington, the artist, with a little girl on Christmas evening.

COLVILLE.—Each person on the staff of the Fourteenth Street Theatre was given a Christmas present by Sam Colville. Some received turkeys. Uncle Sam's bank-notes, from ten to fifty dollars, were in abundance.

DICKSON.—Charles S. Dickson asks us to state that he occupies the position of juvenile man in the Robson and Crane company, that part having been assigned by mistake in a paragraph to another member of the organization.

CREDENTIALS.—Our out-of-town staff are requested to return their credentials. We cannot spare time to answer the flood of inquiries on the subject. We hope to have all credentials renewed by the end of the first week in January.

MARTIN.—The manager of the defunct American Marriage company did not meet his people at Alexander Brown's office last week, as he had agreed to do. Miss Ashby says the arrears of salary have not been paid up, nor has anything been heard of Manager Martin.

PRESENTS.—At Trenton, N. J., last week, John A. Mackay, of Rice's Surprise Party, was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane by several gentleman friends. On the same occasion Kate Castleton was given an elegant ebony clock by the employes of the theatre.

The Usher.

In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

I wish to return heartily the scores of pleasant wishes for a Happy New Year that actors, managers, correspondents and other friends have sent THE MIRROR.

* * *

The custom leading actresses followed of receiving on New Year's Day—just like other folks—has fallen into disuse on account of the prevalence of matinees on that day. However, as there was nothing particularly cheerful in the usage, its omission offers little ground for regret.

* * *

Holiday matinees are generally profitless, and I think managers would do wisely to abandon them, considering the extra work it entails upon actors at a time when they certainly should have leisure to enjoy the rest or recreation that other people take. On Tuesday afternoon all the theatres had light houses. Possibly the depressing and unfavorable weather had something to do with this; but people on such anniversaries as Christmas prefer passing the daylight hours within doors. When night comes they will seek amusement if they want it.

* * *

Lately I have received several more complaints from actors respecting the bad dressing-room accomodations, not only in out-of-town theatres but here in the city. It is somewhat singular that in each case the person who prefers the complaint desires that his or her name shall be withheld, in order that they may not arouse the enmity of managers. Nonsense! Any criticisms that may be sent me in this connection, providing particulars are given, I shall be happy to print and comment on; and in doing this it is but right I should have permission to use my informant's name. The only way to remedy the trouble is to tackle it boldly. If actors want to secure comfortable and healthy dressing-rooms, they must be willing to co-operate with THE MIRROR in the work of exposing the present defective system and advocating a radical improvement.

* * *

A correspondent, evidently a lady, writes: "Do express disapproval of the adoption of a wig in Hamlet by Mr. Booth, and urge him to discard it, and also to resume his old stage-business on the first entrance of Hamlet. Changes are not always improvements." Very true, my dear lady. But Mr. Booth cannot dispense with the wig in Hamlet—for the simple reason that he does not wear one. As for the new business introduced, I thoroughly agree with my correspondent, for I prefer the old, also. When an actor has played a part for many years in one way, and we have come first to accept and then to swear by that way, innovations are certainly disagreeable, and we cannot be prevailed upon to view them as enhancing the impersonation.

* * *

Lady Clare will succeed Old Heads and Young Hearts at Wallack's. This is an unacknowledged adaptation of Le Maitre du Forge. It is curious, by the way, that An American Wife is to be withdrawn so soon. The people at the theatre say the play is drawing well and pleases the audiences; yet it will be taken off after a run of little more than a fortnight. Judge Barrett's piece is too good to be wasted in this manner, especially if it has proved satisfactory from the box-office point of view. The briefness of its city career will militate against the hope of doing anything on the road with it, I fear.

* * *

My good friend Hill, the manager of Mather, has leased the Wahle Opera House, at Buffalo, for four years, beginning next May. During the Summer months he will have it handsomely redecorated and stocked with a complete set of new scenery. It will be opened in September by Miss Mather, and she will be followed by other strong attractions. Mr. Hill is one of the keenest business men of my acquaintance. Whatever he touches becomes prosperous. It is almost superfluous, therefore, to wish him good luck in his new undertaking.

* * *

Richard Foote was billed to play Richard III. in Hornellsville, on Christmas night. He didn't though. Dr. Shattuck, manager of the theatre, refused to open the house. The reason was that Mr. Foote, finding his costumes were delayed and could not possibly arrive until after the hour of performance determined to ope the theatre and give his show at half-past ten. The sale was not good, so he and his manager, wishing to fill the house, went about town all day distributing free passes right and left. Three thousand five hundred in all were given out. Dr. Shattuck, when he heard of this, refused to permit the performance to be given. He said half-past ten wasn't a respectable hour to raise his curtain, and he wouldn't let in the mob of headheads that had collected at the doors. There was a breeze in the papers next day, the affair causing a good deal of talk, and some indignation—among the holders of the complimentaries. Mr. Foote starts out again next Monday. He will not revisit Hornellsville.

* * *

It is insinuated that a person not unknown to My Sweetheart had a hand in inciting the disgraceful mob that was present at Lotta's London debut to raise a disturbance. I can scarcely credit this suggestion. Even an ass could not be so base as that.

* * *

A man of good judgment who saw The Rajah played by the Madison Square travelling company in Brooklyn, Monday evening, says that he prefers their interpretation to that of the home cast.

An Untrustworthy Bank.

Frank H. Drown, the Boston journalist, who is now in advance of Mestayer's Hix's Fix party, writes THE MIRROR that the piece is a success, the honors being divided between R. E. Graham, John Gilbert and J. B. Radcliffe.

Mr. Drown gives the following lively account of a singular accident he met with the other day:

"I was on the Baltimore and Ohio train that ran off the track (spreading of the rails caused it) last Thursday, about seven miles above Cameron, W. Va. I had just left the smoker and was going to the rear when, with a terrific jerk, I shot out into the air and into a snow-bank. By mental measurement I fell exactly three hundred and fifty feet; by actual about twenty. The two baggage-cars partially telescoped and the smoker left the track. Not a soul on board was injured; even the engineer, who was hauled from under the remains of his engine, was only slightly bruised. The only injury I sustained was lost eye-glasses, smashed watch crystal and a lost locket. I am all right, only a trifle sore, caused by the sudden stoppage going through the air. The snow-bank was not solid, but gave way at the first depression. 'Tis thus we learn by experience not to put our trust in those kind of banks.

"I have often heard of the picturesque beauties of the B. and O. road, but hereafter prefer to appreciate them second-hand. It's cheaper and I think much more satisfying to the mind. The CHRISTMAS MIRROR is a beauty, and I know it will be a joy forever."

Good-bye to the Minstrels.

Haverly's San Francisco Minstrels will close their season here on Saturday night. Part of them will go to Boston to join the Spectacular Mastodons and the rest join other companies. This virtually ends the reign of minstrelsy at the little opera house.

On Monday next Grau's French Opera company open for a season of four weeks, and Colonel Haverly intends hereafter devoting the house to comedy and light pieces. The staff of officials will remain as at present and combinations will be played from time to time. Billy Birch looked very mournful yesterday when seen at the theatre, but had nothing to say concerning the change. Since our last issue he has sold out the last of his interest in the 'Frisco to Haverly.

Mather's Maiden Speech.

Margaret Mather's business has been very good this season, and the improvement in her acting is said to have surpassed all reasonable expectations.

In Toronto, a few nights ago, at the close of Miss Mather's engagement, there was a scene of unusual enthusiasm. After the final fall of the curtain she was called out three times. Not satisfied with this, the audience refused to leave the house until the star had made a speech. Finding that no refusal would be taken, she finally went before the curtain and made the following address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In attempting to respond to the great compliment you pay me this evening I find myself bereft of words to express my gratitude. Only He who notes the "fall of the sparrows" can understand what my feelings were on Monday evening last, when I appeared before you a stranger and in a character made famous by one of the loveliest and most gifted women that this nation has been blessed with—Miss Adelaide Neilson. While this generation lists the names of Neilson and Juliet will be inseparable, and the memory of the tragic closing of her eventful life, which scarcely reached its noon, will bring a feeling of sadness to all hearts, be they English or American.

I came among you a stranger, and in parting my feelings are what no words of mine can express. If a lifetime's study to the devotion of my art can make me worthy of the encouragement you so generously tendered, that service shall be cheerfully given.

Before saying adieu, finally, I wish to express myself as deeply sensible to the uniform courtesy of the press. With one exception, its treatment has been all that an earnest and gentle spirit could wish.

The remembrance of my Toronto visit will be one of the happiest in my experience, and a perennial source of strength and effort to the best achievements in my chosen profession. Farewell!

For a first attempt in the way of addressing an audience before the curtain, Miss Mather acquitted herself very creditably.

No Change at Present.

Edward Harrigan decorated the lobbies of his theatre with evergreens for Christmas, relieved only by an occasional yellow (orange) flower. He says it is typical of the nature of Cordelia's Aspirations, which, although it has been running for some time, is increasing in attendance. He does not intend to make any change at present. He has a piece ready to put in rehearsal, but declines to state of what character it is, and as yet he gives it no title. He hinted, however, that it would be a new departure.

Edward E. Rice's Complaint.

"I wish," said E. E. Rice yesterday to a MIRROR representative, "that you would in justice to me set me right in regard to the statement of several papers that ridiculed the idea of my loss by the Standard Theatre fire. This is very silly, and if they will attend to what I say they no doubt will reconsider their remarks."

"What do you place your loss at?" asked the reporter.

"Fully $12,000. All my costumes were stored there, having been brought on from Philadelphia only two days before the fire. They belonged to no costumer, and no one had any claim on them. They consisted of a complete set for each of the following operas, and were all in good condition and of the best make: Iolanthe, Pinafore, Patience, The Sorcerer and Cinderella at School. Those of Pounce and Company were quite new and had not been used much. I was under contract to produce the opera on January 21, at the Standard. A portion of the Virginia costumes and many other properties were consumed. One stage horse, a simple thing to speak of, cost me $125. I guarantee that no one can reproduce what I have lost for $12,000.

"I am naturally anxious to see my company settled, and no one feels more for them than I do. I have seen enough of the vicissitudes of the profession to appreciate their loss. I will gain nothing by the benefit at Wallack's, but I sincerely hope it will be a big thing. I have several schemes on hand by which I hope to give the people employment soon. You know I have a large circle of artistes on my list.

"The Bijou attraction is doing very well. I expected it to have a long run. I see it mentioned in a daily paper that Pop is to be played by a company going to Australia. Now I have the sole right to Pop and no one has any authority to play it without my sanction."

At the Square.

Meeting Sheridan Shook at the Union Square Theatre yesterday, a MIRROR reporter asked him if he was satisfied with the Mackaye chair.

"Certainly, sir; I think it is the most useful and comfortable kind of seat that we could have, and it will undoubtedly be generally adopted in course of time by every manager who desires to suit his patrons. Anyhow, we have not had a single mishap since the opening night, because we have tested and had each chair carefully fixed."

"What piece do you intend to produce after Storm-Beaten?"

"As yet we are undecided. You see, Storm-Beaten is playing to very good business, and as long as it does we shall not make any change. We have several very good plays, and are ready to use any of them; but there is scarcely any necessity for naming any particular one, because we might change our present intentions. When there is a falling off in business we shall announce what piece will succeed Storm-Beaten."

Mr. Colville's Affairs.

Samuel Colville, conversing yesterday with a MIRROR representative, said: "The Pavements of Paris is doing very well considering the time of year. It is running along very smoothly, indeed, now, and I am satisfied it is in for a long career. As you see, I am booking very good combinations for my theatre. Pop always draws very well and the take is excellent. John T. Raymond, Nat Goodwin and Emmet will follow immediately, and other equally popular people are negotiating for time."

Mr. Colville has not yet removed the Evacuation day legend, "Fanny Davenport as Fedora." It remains suspended and covered with snow.

Safe Theatres.

For the past week the Bijou Theatre management have placarded the city with posters upon which is printed Inspector Esterbrook's opinion in reply to a question, "Are there any safe theatres in New York?" He states that he knows of two such, the Metropolitan Opera House and the little Bijou Theatre. Of course this is a big advertisement for the Bijou, and no fault is found with them for using it; but many managers are up in arms against the Inspector, and their opinions are generally embodied in the words of Neise Waldron, a practical man, who says:

"Inspector Esterbrook made a great mistake when he remarked that there were only two safe theatres in the city. He evidently intended not to commit himself, but he has done so. He is bound to report theatres which are unsafe, or he neglects his duty. Although he does not say so, he implies that the remaining city theatres are unsafe. I challenge him to say whether the old Standard, just burned down, was not a safe place for an audience. It had a large double hallway for the parquet and orchestra, two wide staircases for the balcony and four stairways for the family circle, besides many exits on the roof to the adjoining houses. If any place of amusement is unsafe, it is only natural that he should condemn it and let the public know.

"There is no manager in New York who does not desire to assist in every way to render his theatre safe for his patrons. Inspector Esterbrook, unless he is misquoted, reflects upon all the local managers."

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Davenport and Mather.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ROCHESTER, Dec. 26.—Margaret Mather met with an enthusiastic reception at the Academy Monday night, appearing as Juliet. At matinee, Christmas, As You Like It was the bill; Leah in the evening. Large audiences were present. Miss Mather has made great progress since last season, and presents a very symmetrical personation.

Fanny Davenport at the Grand, 24th and 25th, in Fedora; by all odds the strongest play seen here in years. The star was most warmly greeted. Mr. Mantell fully shared the honors.

At the National Capital.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—In the Ranks opened Monday at the National, to a small audience. The conjunction of Christmas and the first real snow-storm of the Winter has "downed" the show business for this week. Nothing underscored for 21st. Wonder if we are to have some more melodrama. Bringing In the Ranks so closely upon the heels of Monte Cristo seems indiscreet, to say the least, and would, in all probability, have a tendency to prevent the present attraction from drawing so well as it otherwise might, even without holiday and climatic interferences. The scenery of In the Ranks is very pretty, and has never been surpassed by any other in this city. Barry and Fay, at Ford's, drew only a light house. Their piece, Irish Aristocracy, is full of fun of a kind enjoyed by the average attendant at variety theatres, and the company is a very good one. At the Comique Leavitt's Specialty company fared no better than the other parties. Very light business.

J. Louis Ford, of the Opera House, has been seriously ill with pneumonia, but is said to be convalescing very rapidly. Theodore Thomas drew a good audience, considering the date, to Lincoln Hall, Christmas night. The Emerson Concert company and Walter Pelham were not appreciated by our people. They performed to almost vacant chairs, 20th, 21st and 22d, for the benefit and under the auspices of the National Rifles, one of our "crack" militia organizations.

Mr. Rooney's Generosity.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ALBANY, Dec. 26.—At the Leland, on Christmas afternoon, Richard Mansfield opened in A Parisian Romance, to a good house. Performance repeated at night to large audience. Star in the part of the Baron rated a great success.

Pat Rooney, at Music Hall, on Monday night, played to only fair house. During performance Mr. Rooney called his manager, W. B. Blaisdell, on the stage and presented him with a gold watch and chain. The manager returned thanks in neat little speech. Houses at matinee and evening Tuesday large.

At the Lakes.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

BUFFALO, Dec. 26.—No one looked for a rush Christmas Eve, and no one was disappointed. Small houses all around. Rhea delighted her audience at the Academy, appearing in The School for Scandal. The Howard Athenæum company, at Wehle's, and the Spectacular Excelsior at Music Hall, drew but lightly. The latter piece was not disclosed to the audience till after nine o'clock. It will run smoother later on. The Rentz-Santley display at the Adelphi proved the most attractive. Christmas matinees and evening performances were productive of large houses at all resorts.

Carrick-a-Rede.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 26.—Low's Grand Opera House, with Mestayer's Tourists, opened Monday night to good business, but the company is not up to what it should be.

The Providence Opera House did not open as advertised, Monday night, with Carrick-a-Rede, on account of scenery not being finished for the last act. Opened last night to an extra good house. Theatre Comique opened to a packed house.

Letters to the Editor.

THE STORY OF TWO SECEDERS.

MEXICO, MO., Dec. 17, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—We notice in your issue of the 15th inst., under the head of Professional Doings, that we had left the Lillian Brown Jolliton company at Sherman, Texas, taking along costumes belonging to the management, thereby giving the professional public to understand that we had left the company in a dishonorable way. As there are two sides to a story, will you allow us the privilege of telling ours?

First, after seven weeks of discouraging business in Texas, Mr. Norris, the manager of the Jollitons, called the company together at Tyler, Dec. 2, in order to ascertain what the people proposed to do. Mr. Stevens gave Norris to understand that, notwithstanding the people had received no salary during the time they had been in Texas, and having no paper to advertise with, and no dates ahead, he would stay with him one week from that time; but he would not remain in Texas after its expiration. Mr. Haskell made the same announcement. During that week we corresponded with the Messrs. Grau, thereby effecting an engagement. The Messrs. Grau wired us our expenses to Texarkana, knowing we had given Mr. Norris one week's notice—which we consider he was not entitled to.

Second, as to costumes. Mr. Stevens took only his own costume, for which he had paid V. R. Hill, of the Essex Costume Parlors, Boston, $50, sometime during October, 1882. Mr. Haskell took a rig belonging to the part he had played—worth, probably, five dollars—in payment for the eight weeks' salary due him.

[illegible]

Professional Doings.

—Louis Mesmer's widow is again in great distress.

—Henry Waldron and his wife have sailed for England.

—Roland Reed is playing to very good business in Chicago.

—Hattie Rudolf has left the Tourists and is resting in Chicago.

—There was only about three cents on the Union Square [illegible] on Christmas Day.

—Wolff Mark's Midnight Issue are engaged for Sheridan's performance of Louis XI.

—The announcement is again made that John Stetson intends erecting a theatre in Chicago.

—There are quite a number of [illegible] dates at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco.

—Frank Heywood has been engaged for the season as advance agent for Richard Foote's company.

—Joseph Nichols has been engaged by E. E. Rice as musical director for the Fun on the Bristol No. 2.

—John Duff has succeeded E. E. Rice as manager of comic opera at the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

—Baker and Farren have accepted a new play from the pens of Edward Hanley and J. M. Kremer, of Dayton, O.

—A new piece is being prepared to follow Orpheus and Eurydice at the Bijou. The name is not as yet divulged.

—Manager Harris, of Boston, presented a diamond ring on Christmas eve to Richard Fitzgerald, the dramatic agent.

—Frank Tannehill, Jr., is making preliminary arrangements for his father's next season in England in The Danites and I.

—John Purvis, a European acrobat, who appeared in the original production of Humpty Dumpty at the Eden Theatre, Paris, has arrived in the city.

—John Fox, of Hanley's McSorley's Inflation company, fell through a trap at Cumberland, Md., a few days ago, and was seriously injured.

—Only a Woman's Heart played Christmas in Amsterdam to a large house and gave great satisfaction. New Year's day they are to be in Bradford, Pa.

—Miles and Barton's new offices at the Bijou are almost ready for occupation. They will be the centre from which all their operations will be worked.

—Hughey Dougherty was billed last week to appear both at the San Francisco Minstrels and the People's Theatre. He appeared only at the former house.

—Master Barney, an old-time variety and minstrel performer, is lying very ill at his home in Brooklyn. His affliction is a combination of rheumatism and pneumonia.

—A presentation was made at Mowatt's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., to Eugene Hoyt, the quick-change artist, being a handsome [illegible] chain and gold pencil ornament attached.

—James B. Radcliffe has left the Hix's Fix Party No. 2 and is now with Hix's Fix, under Manager's management. He was at one time the Professor in Fun in a Boarding School.

—On Friday afternoon, the music of Poniatowski and Pascal's opera of Cyprida will be given at the Bijou Theatre to an audience of professionals. It is under consideration by Miles and Barton.

—P. T. Barnum, having resigned from the committee of the Actors' Fund, Samuel Colville has been appointed in his place. Sheridan Shook has been chosen treasurer, vice Theodore Moss, resigned.

—The new opera house recently completed at Danville, Ky., will be formally opened on the 31st. The attraction will be Pique, to be played by Hanlon's company, with Carrie Stewart in the leading role.

—Dr. W. E. Ashton, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Thomas Latimer, of Baltimore, have kindly offered their services to the Actors' Fund as local physicians in their respective cities. The offers have been accepted.

—Horace Temple, an old scenic artist, is at Ward's Island Hospital in a very bad way. Both legs are to be amputated at the hips. He was injured some years ago in Baltimore, and the limbs have been useless ever since.

—Charles Barnes, a young man who represented himself to be a son of the author of The Black Crook, is discovered to be a swindler. He has already victimized many. The late Barnes never had any children.

—Leon de Leon departed for Havana on December 22 by the steamer *Alava*, taking with him for his amusement enterprises there, Ramirez, the violin virtuoso, Robert Stadecky, James Cook, the McDonald Family, Silver, the three Siegrist Brothers, Francesco Kunkel, the four Onofri Brothers and George Dunbar.

—Howard Perry, treasurer of the Star, states that Booth's Hamlet is the best attended performance of his engagement. On the Hamlet nights there is no seat to be had after a quarter past eight. At the Christmas matinee only eighty dollars was received, although Sheridan's houses at other times have been fair.

—George P. Loesch has signed with Manager Abbey for three years as first violin at the Metropolitan Italian opera. He has also been given charge of the entire orchestra during the summer months, as they will remain here and be used by Mr. Abbey for concerts. Mr. Loesch joined the band at the beginning of the season.

—George Fawcett Rowe has sold Al. Hayman the exclusive right of doing Peg in the Australian Colonies. Hayman will produce it with Kate Castleton and her company. [illegible] Allison made the purchase. Mr. Rice claims that Rowe has the right to dispose of only the rights of the piece, as he (Rice) owns the piece outright.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Dec. 4.

"Here we have h'again," as the Queen says when she opens Parliament. Did you wonder what had become of your effervescing Zig? Did you think I was blown up in an underground railway carriage, or had gone out to sing Sionas to the provinces? No-o-o, as the Piccadilly mothers say. No; I've been "movin' on" through Erin's green isle and the Grampian Hills; through shamrock and gunpowder; through heather and Presbyterianism; but at last I am back in dear old, dirty London. I arrived just in time to see the last performance of Fedora at the Haymarket. Lords and Commons, by Pinero, is on there at present, and promises to have a long run. After Fedora I wanted something light to take off the odor of Nihilism and gore, so I meandered into the Vaudeville, and for the third time roared at Confusion. It is without doubt the funniest piece of the present day. It is advertised as an "eccentric comedy," and, by the great Jupiter! it *is* eccentric. The Lord Chamberlain at first tabooed it, and then relented, as he did towards Camille. Uncle Blizzard and Aunt Lucretia are perfect characters, and the comedian and soubrette who cannot score a hit as James and Maria have no business on the stage. I hear Vernona Jarbeau is to attempt the latter role at the Fifth Avenue. Let us pray that she may do it half as well as Miss Phillips does, and she will score a great hit. The piece in itself is funny; the characters are acted to perfection here.

I was rushing down the Strand a few days ago when I suddenly ran across Lumpaci Vagabundus, or, as I choose to call him, on account of his size, Lumpy-cus Vagabundi. Lumpy was looking radiant, and had that care-worn expression on his moon-like visage that one always has who is burdened with business anxieties. He is sanguine over the British prospects of Only a Farmer's Daughter, and thinks that he and Charlie Gardiner have a bonanza in that female. Next, I stumbled across a party, and only checked up in time to avoid impaling him on one of my elbows. He said "*Good* morning," and I recognized Gus Livaudais, one of the most genial of all Nature's noblemen. After remarking that Winter had set in in earnest, he went on his way, saying to me: "We breakfast at ten and dine at five. Come and see us *soon*."

When I arrived at the door of the American Exchange I met Dora Wiley and Dick Golden. Both looked as well and happy as when I last saw them—Dick in his funny representation of Rocco and Dora as La Mascotte. And, speaking of the latter, Dora Wiley was the only woman who ever dressed that character properly on the American stage. Dick and Dora are on for the pantomime at Manchester, and may they have good luck and many shekels.

Saturday night I looked in on Iolanthe. Naturally, the costumes were not *quite* as bright as they were a year ago, when I, just arrived after having been wrecked on the Atlantic, went to the Savoy and was disgusted with the opera and wrote my views thereof from the Charing Cross Hotel; which views were published in THE MIRROR under the title of "Letters from a Wanderer." I cannot say more of the performance now than I did then. The music is Sullivanish—*i.e.*, pretty and well made. Miss Fortescue, who played the part of Celia, has left the cast, being betrothed to a Lord, and her place is taken by a female whose name I shall not mention, inasmuch as I have to say that of all abominable voices, next to Kate Munroe's, hers is the worst. The best piece by far on the Savoy stage is Grossmith's sketch, The Drama on Crutches, which follows Iolanthe. Grossmith is not only a clever actor, but is gentlemanly in the truest sense of the word, and has won his way into the hearts of the London public and nobility. His sketch aforementioned was arranged when he gave private drawing-room entertainments. In it he imitates Irving, Toole and various other actors of the present day.

Last night (the 3d inst.) the new Alhambra, which, Phœnix-like, has risen from its ashes in greater splendor than before, was thrown open to the public, who crammed every available sitting and standing place long before the curtain went up. The new piece, written for the occasion, entitled The Golden Ring, is by George R. Sims and Fred Clay. There is nothing particularly good or bad about the music. It is neither "catchy" nor unpleasant. The piece is justly "a fairy spectacular opera," and is magnificently mounted, well cast, contains a fine ballet, and will probably extend its run into the new year.

Alma Stanley is scoring her old success as Willie Spunley in Youth, once more. This time it is at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and to a vastly different sort of audience from that which patronizes Wallack's. I picked up a California journal yesterday, and was rather surprised to see in its dramatic column that the above-mentioned lady is "playing in Tenth at the London Pavilion." Evidently that critic had never been to London.

I think it would be advisable if some attention were paid to lithograph pirates as well as to "play pirates." A few weeks ago I was passing through Aberdeen en route to Inverness, and having a spare evening in the Granite City, I went to Her Majesty's Theatre, where I was informed by the posters, Mr. [illegible] Berry of Dundee would appear in his [illegible] play of the Fire King. "Berry of Dundee" the less said the better, only I would like to see Mr. B.'s idea of an ugly woman. The grand spectacular piece, The Fire King, was played by the six beauties, who doubled for principals and chorus. The chief spectacle of the whole piece consisted in these six virgins trotting around the stage frantically waving small torches. But to return to the pirates. As I went through the vestibule I noticed a familiar picture, and said to my companion, 'Why, there's Emily Melville's litho." Above was the date, and I said, "Let us return when she appears, as she is rather good for Aberdeen." But what was my amazement to see underneath the fair Emily's portrait the words "May Livingston, protean artist," or something like that. This was May Livingston who sang at Koster and Bial's in New York, then came to England with Fun on the Bristol, and afterward got these lithos of Melville and was using them with her own name underneath. A few days ago I saw that she (Livingston) was announced to appear at the Trocadero Music Hall in London. If artists don't look after their lithos, any one can use them and cause annoyance to the artists themselves if they ever appear in a town where their lithographs have been used by other people. At least that is the opinion of ZIG.

Connecticut Gallantry.

The sun's early rays had not yet gilded the lattice of the simple room wherein the graceful actress lay, her little dear-shaped head with its wealth of raven hair innocently snoozled into the downy pillow. Sweet, gentle Cassie! How little could she have dreamed that soon after her awakening a slight would be hurled at that little head, and that the subject of the hurling was seen now under it!

The Scoville House, Waterbury, enjoys the enviable reputation of being the principal hotel in the city of watches. It is well kept and clean. Mr. Slade, the proprietor, with a face fenced about with well-regulated whiskers, and with little eyes, guarded with overgrown hedges of eyebrows, thin mouth, the curve inverted, a couple of deep seams or dents at either corner, as if some one had made a false start in trying to carve out his gums, and a tight, upright collar underneath his chin, looded altogether more like a French Senator than the somewhat surly and precise American hotel proprietor. He greeted the arrivals kindly, if a little gruffly, of Mr. John Stetson's Confusion company, composed mainly of a number of tolerably well-known artists, such as the Misses Florence Gerard, Vernona Jarbeau, Maria Davis and others (not forgetting Miss Peggy, the pug, and Mr. Skyes, a beautiful white fluffy dog that bites everybody in the world except two people), on the morning of the 11th of December; Mr. Madison Square Franko, Mr. Alf Fisher, Mr. Foster, Mr. St. Maur, Mr. Dixey and others. Soon the ladies were suited with rooms, a meal eaten, and the afternoon catsleep indulged in which the wear and tear of one-night stands renders necessary. Nothing of event occurred; the performance was given that night. The next morning, early, free from misgiving of every kind—for though Mr. John Stetson is a remarkably eccentric manager, he always pays salaries promptly, so that the artists who sail under his colors are, for the most part, light-hearted—the company were en route for Bridgeport.

In Bridgeport, Mr. Foster, the manager of the company, received a letter which brought with it a series of powerful emotions, which began with surprise, was followed up with indignation, and concluded with unlimited hilarity. This letter was from Mr. Slade, the Waterbury boniface, and was to the effect that after Miss Jarbeau's departure a pillow had been missed from her room. Careful search had failed to reveal its whereabouts. Could Mr. Foster afford Mr. Slade any explanation?

The contents of this startling epistle were communicated by Mr. Foster to the members of the company, who, in turns, were permeated by the gamut of emotions which had distorted the interior anatomy of the stalwart Foster. The company discussed the matter, and were unanimously of opinion that the graceful proportions of the fair Jarbeau needed neither downy nor any other kind of assistance, and—their eyes were witnesses—had not during the twenty-four hours increased, or, indeed, undergone the least physical alteration. A suitable reply, couched in dignified terms, was sent to the careful husbander of oreilliers, and Miss Jarbeau was forthwith dubbed by the volatile Harry Dixey, "Victoria, by the grace of God, prize pillow-pilferer of the U. S. A."

After the necessary interval came Mr. Slade's reply to Mr. Foster, the contents of which, though clearing Miss Jarbeau from the possible charge of bustle-hunting among hotel pillows, was, in its attempts at being conciliatory, so amazingly impertinent that it merits citing as a disgraceful fact pretty substantially proving the annoyance members of the profession not unfrequently have to submit to at the hands of the road hotel-keepers.

Mr. Slade's communication informed Mr. Foster that "he was happy to say a mistake had been made. The missing pillow had been found in the laundry with a quantity of soiled linen. He was perfectly satisfied and hoped Miss Jarbeau was." (The quintessence of sublime impudence added to the grossest injury.) "That if she wasn't, when she came that way again her bill would be all right!" The ignoramus calmly imagined that the presentation to Miss Jarbeau of two or three dollars would atone for an accusation of the meanest description; for, in effect, Miss Jarbeau was accused of theft.

This man Slade's conduct deserves publicity. Hotel-keepers on the road are rapidly becoming not only extravagant in their charges, but disobliging to the last extent. Hot water is bestowed as a favor, and the request for a second pitcher of this especially necessary commodity is bitterly resented. Still, there are a few accommodating hotel-keepers; but they are so very few that it would seem like especial puffery to mention them.

A Forthcoming Debutante.

Emma Latham, a San Francisco lady, talked to a MIRROR reporter about her forthcoming metropolitan debut, the other day.

"I will open at the Star Theatre," said she, "immediately after Mr. Booth's engagement, as Constance, in The Love Chase. It has not been played by professionals in this city for fifteen years. The last performance was at the Star Theatre, under the direction of the elder Wallack. I have engaged a portion of my company, but it is not all filled yet."

Love's Revenge.

BY H. M. PITT.

The following notice was posted in the green-room of the Theatre Royal, North Shields, England:

CRAVEN ROBERTSON'S CASTE CO.

The present tour will terminate one fortnight from the date appended. The Autumn and Winter campaign will commence at Scarborough on the 10th July. The ladies and gentlemen engaged are requested to report on the 7th July.

FREDERICK CRAVEN ROBERTSON.

15th June, 1875.

I cannot say with my usual veracity that this act of lenity on the part of our manager was totally unexpected. I may say it had been solicited. A dozen or more signatures had been affixed to a neatly-written note requesting a vacation, and this was the reply. It is an easy matter for a manager to grant a favor of this nature, especially when business is bad and the green lanes, bearing evidence of the Creator's blessings, are more seductive than the tinsel of the theatre or the woodland glades of the scenic artist.

Nor were we unreasonable in our request. From the 3d of May, 1873, we had been scampering about the country representing the works of the greatest of the modern comedy writers in every city, town and village boasting a theatre, from Aberdeen to Plymouth, from Belfast to Cork. At last! think of it! At last, we had fourteen days to ourselves. Not fourteen days as applied by a police magistrate or as depicted by our humorous friend, Charles Wyndham, in Byron's comedy, but fourteen days' immunity from the cares of the profession and the watchful eye of the warden manager.

When the first flush of our newly-acquired triumph had passed from our victorious brows a slight difficulty presented itself. Where were we to spend our fourteen days? The fact became potent to us, for the first time, that we were passing years of holiday, and these fourteen days were not so easily disposed of as they would have been by the merchant or his clerk. Each member of the company was rich in suggestions; but richer in negatives. Some had homes, but they were in the minority. How we, the great majority, envied them! Should it be Margate, Ramsgate, Filey, Broadstairs, Whitby? No to each.

As I sat in the solitude of my first floor front, with visions floating before me beyond the limit of my purse, I suddenly became inspired. I would go to London. From London I could, in a few hours, visit most places of interest and sociability. I have heard it said (unkindly, to my mind) that one of the great advantages of England's metropolis is the readiness and facility with which you can quit it. As a good patriot, I should not have written this but for the vividness with which the fact was then presented to my puzzled imagination. The night's reflection brought with it the morning's determination. Yes! I would go to London. From London I could visit Brighton, Margate, Ramsgate and numerous "gates." I could go to the theatres (you see the grocer is never tired of his plums), and I could see the Tower. I had resided in London for four years, but had never seen the Tower. The true Londoner never goes to the Tower. He has it described to him by his country cousins.

It will require no great effort of mental arithmetic to prove I had only nine days to myself in London. One day to get there, nine days to do all I required in the way of sight-seeing and visiting, one day to get back to Scarborough, and three days to do what? Rehearse? No. We were superior to rehearsals! Why drag us down to Scarborough? Answer: The manager liked to see his flock once more in the Robertsonian pen.

Having settled on London as my head centre for nine days, I set to work at once to determine how many days I could devote to other places. It is a peculiar fact in modern philosophy that as soon as we take a house or make a home in some other fellow's house, we labor and devise plans to pass our time elsewhere. So it was in my case. I would go to Brighton for a day. To Ramsgate and Margate for another. The next should be spent here; the following there, and so forth. But scheme, labor, devise as I would, one day remained unoccupied.

Reader, has it ever been your unfortunate lot to possess one day you did not know how to occupy? Let me tell you, it is easier to spend money than dispose of time. I would do that; no! I would do this; no! I would light a pipe and think the matter over. A dirty pipe it was, too, but a pipe liberal in its politics. It could shock the fastidious, nauseate the weak, and soothe the troubled. I was troubled and it soothed me. As the clouds of smoke wreathed around the lace curtains of the windows, and conjured strange fantasies in my too susceptible brain, and subsequent disgust in that of my landlady, a brilliant idea flashed across me. Why not revisit the birthplace of my sorrows—that Eden of my pleasures—that foundation of my mental manhood—my first school? I had promised my schoolmaster to communicate with him. I had not kept that promise. I was an ingrate, and I felt it. To write now would look like sycophancy. I would present myself in the flesh and make what lame excuse I could for my negligence. How rapidly a good resolution is formed and as rapidly invalidated? But if the mind is strong, the weaker inspiration vanishes and the stronger regains ascendancy. So it was in this case. No sooner had my desire to visit my old home in the quiet village of Margaretting, County of Essex, kingdom of England, taken possession of me than the dread of the demise of my late tutor occurred to me. But I regained my strength of purpose. If he was dead, what then? I would go to the old churchyard and seek a spot where the purest mantle of sward, the softest and sweetest of flowers—where the merciful hand of God hides from the world the fleshly of this world—on this spot would I render my devotion, assured that under this covering of Nature rested the body of William Wright, Principal, Albion House Academy.

It would be an act of supererogation to describe in detail the tedious events of the last days of our tour, or to dwell on subjects apart from the present narrative. Suffice it, the last day arrived, and turning our faces North, South, East, West, and other fractional points of the compass we walked our several ways, free for fourteen days at least. Nor would it interest anybody to learn how I spent the first days of my vacation, so I will avoid all tedious description and come at once to the one eventful day in that much-needed rest—my visit to my old school.

As I stood on the platform of the Liverpool street station (my old place of departure. Shoreditch, had been converted into a goods depot), I recalled the days when, tearful and heartbroken, I received my mother's kiss and father's admonition; the former given with such fervency, the latter with such strength of intent. What a change now! I was no longer the puny school-boy; the old depot had been replaced by a new palace; my father slept the sleep which passeth all understanding, and my mother was miles away. Should I find the old church, with its wealth of ivy, transformed into a modern abomination of stone and bastard architecture? My simple school-house a college, and my tutor dead? If so, better I had never determined on this expedition. Two hours were sufficient to answer all my misgivings. The old church, with the railroad passing its gates, remained as of yore. Farmer Poole's barns and yards were untouched. Squire Squires' mansion peeped from out a wealth of foliage, and Albion House Academy, with its white walls and shading of poplar trees, still remained intact. In this world of radical reform the little village of Margaretting remained conservative.

At this length of time I can remember with what timidity I approached the well-known gates of the Academy. Three times I placed my hand on the handle of the bell, and three times I withdrew it. After a grave consultation with myself I determined on making some inquiries about the Wright family before revealing who I was and what was my mission.

The tap-room of the public house was the great gossip emporium, I knew, and to the tap-room of the Black Bull I went. To my astonishment, I found the inn deserted but for the presence of a very fine specimen of female architecture of some twenty summers. From her I learned it was haymaking time and old and young, male and female, were in the fields. In response to my inquiries she informed me that Sam Gillett still held the house; that at present he was in the yard superintending the erection of a haystack. Yes! he was rather old and bent, but could do his share of the day's work with most of the younger ones.

Samuel Gillett, or, as he was more frequently called, Old Sam, had kept the Black Bull for five-and-twenty years. In stature he was tall and well proportioned; time had not passed mine host unheeded. But the heart was young, the brain active, the impulse generous as at its birth. No beggar left his door unsatisfied; to him tramp and monarch were alike. As soon as the servant departed I wandered into the parlor, which served as dining, commercial and general reception room. I had barely time to survey the apartment before Old Sam stood in the doorway, cap in hand, respectfully inclining his head.

"Pleased to welcome you, sir," he began, as he entered the room. "Ruth, my girl, has just told me you've be askin about folks in these parts."

"I shall be obliged if you can furnish me with a little information." I replied.

"Think I can, sir; I've lived here nigh on all my life—nigh on all my life." He repeated these words slowly and sadly.

I related the object of my visit to Margaretting, to which he listened attentively. My errand explained, he looked at me curiously for a few seconds, and then informed me that my old schoolmaster was dead and his son reigned in his stead; that Miss Wright and her brother conducted the school as heretofore, and peace was supreme at Albion House Academy. I was devising some excuse I could make to my tutor's son for my past negligence, when a hasty action on the part of my companion recalled me to myself. He had risen from his seat in the window and was gazing at an attenuated female figure slowly trudging down the road. For a moment he strained his eyes as if to catch a last glimpse of the receding form; then sinking slowly into his chair he muttered in an undertone: "Just as handsome as ever—just as handsome as ever."

"I beg your pardon," he said, suddenly; "I forgot you were here. I owe you some explanation and I hardly know how to frame it. Most of the folks about here know my little story and don't notice me; but to a stranger I daresay it looks peculiar."

"I confess I was a trifle startled," I replied; "but that is over and let us say no more about it."

"Right, sir; the past should be forgotten," said the old man.

My curiosity was fairly aroused, and since the history of this man was public property, I considered it no great breach of etiquette to share in the general information. So I crossed the room to where he was seated and, placing my hand on his shoulder, said: "I can't tell whether you regard me as an utter stranger, but if you will trust me with your confidence I will endeavor to assist you if it is in my power to do so."

"Oh! no, thank you, sir," he answered, with one of his cheery laughs. "It ain't nothin' to confess or to keep secret. "It's only the story of a life—of wasted years that might have been spent in happiness. It ain't a murder, nor a robbery, it's only a yarn of disappointed love. Oh! I was a lover once." With this rejoinder he walked toward the door; then suddenly turning and looking me straight in the face, he said, with deep emphasis: "Do you tell me, sir, during your years of study down yonder, nobody told you of Old Sam Gillett's courtship?" Nobody had told me, but I expressed my willingness to receive the narrative from the lips of one of the principal actors in this romance of real life.

"Then sit you down, sir—sit you down, and I'll tell you how I revenged myself on a girl that married against my wish. And don't laugh too heartily at my folly. I must tell this in my own plain, uneducated way; but it's true, sir, true, every word, as I hope for the happiness hereafter I have lost here."

HIS REVENGE.

I'm close on seventy year old now, sir, bent and wrinkled; but once I was as straight as a poplar. I could walk my mile, or run my race, or throw the hammer with any lad in this village. All that were lads then are resting in the churchyard, and I'm left alone here with Betsy. I'll tell you who Betsy is presently, and I shall ask you whether you don't think I got even with her. At that time I lived alone in that cottage by the pond—the one with the trees in front of it. Mark those trees. I've something strange to tell you about *them*. One by one the Almighty had gathered the members of our little household into His fold, leaving only mother and me to weather the storm of life together. About that time a family by the name of Gower came and settled here. Lor', sir, you who live in towns and cities can't imagine what a sensation a new arrival makes in a village like this. I saw one in that family who opened a new world to me, and that was Betsy Gower, his only child. I was fairly in love with her and no mistake, and although the other lads were hanging about her, and Charlie Hill, my mate, would linger around her cottage later than simple folks like us care about for fear of talk, I sort of fancied she would blush when I called and look up from her work in a peculiar kind of way that sent the blood to my head and the color to my cheeks. From bad I got to worse, and I resolved to speak right out to her. My greatest trouble was to find an opportunity; but at last fortune came to my rescue. A few days after I had made up my mind to ask her if she would be my wife, I was passing the door of this very house we are now in. I noticed a little trouble here. There was a noise, and high words, so I stepped in to see what it was all about. Sure enough, here was old Gower, drunk and quarrelsome. He owed a "shot" and couldn't pay it, and the lads were playing it rough on him. I paid the shot and got the old fellow out. When I landed him safe in the house and got him to bed, Betsy turned to thank me; but there was shame in her face, and in her heart, too, for her father, so I only took her outstretched hand and motioned her not to speak. I wouldn't have changed places with the Squire or the parson at that moment. And when I left the house she followed me to the garden gate. Up to that moment neither of us had exchanged a word. She spoke first. "I'm very much obliged to you, Sam," she said; "father has been a great trouble to you to-day, I fear." "It's no trouble, Bess," I replied, "if it is any comfort to you." She smiled a sort of "Thank you." My opportunity had arrived, and under the light of God's moon and the merry twinkle of the stars we two were bound. In my room that night I thought out how I should break the news to her father, for, degraded as he was, he still possessed a sort of pride. I was a nobody and he was worse; but I knew he had his notions about Bess. She was to marry a somebody, and a somebody with money too. But that didn't trouble me; I was young and strong and could work; so I framed all sorts of nonsensical ideas of living on little and sharing it with our children.

Strange events occur in one's life, sir; but few could be stranger than what befell our little circle on the following morning. I was sitting at the breakfast-table telling my mother of the previous night's adventure, and unfolding my plans for the future, when I heard a knock at the door. I opened it and there stood the parson and a strange gentleman.

"Sam," said the parson, "this gentleman is from London and wishes to see you on business."

My mother rose at once, afeard, as she told me afterward, that I had committed some crime unknown to her.

"Pray be seated, madam," said the gentleman from London, "and don't be frightened. My visit is a very pleasant one, I assure you."

Then, sir, he fell to and asked us a lot of questions about who we were, where we came from, when father died. After he had finished he took me by the hand and said: "I congratulate you, and you too, madam. Your answers satisfy me that I am correct in my discovery. Now listen. Your father, young man, had a very wild brother who ran away to sea. After wandering about the world he settled in America, and soon made a lot of money. Some time ago he died leaving neither wife nor children. The case was placed in our hands by our agents abroad. In conversation during his last visit to town with my friend here, and your vicar, Mr. Davis, I mentioned this subject, and he furnished me with all necessary information. I am here to tell you, sir, that that money is yours and awaits you, sir, on the other side. I will furnish you with papers and a passage. Please call for them at the rectory. I may mention, as a trifle, this fortune has come to you through the Church. Don't forget the Church in your hour of prosperity. Good morning." And they left us without another word.

Well, sir, you can just imagine how we felt when we were left alone. Mother cried; but it was for the loss, if only for a short time, of her boy. I cried, but it was with joy; for now I could claim Betsy and buy her father's consent to our marriage. We were neither poor nor rich, for father had been careful; so mother cared very little about the money; but when I told her I should be back soon and she saw how happy I was, she quieted down and became more cheerful. I wasn't long in getting old Gower's consent. Betsy was hiding in the garden during my chat with her father, so when all was settled I thought I'd just hunt her up and tell her of my success. I was looking about the garden when who do you think I saw in the distance and making for the house? Charlie Hill, and in his best clothes, too. I found Betsy at last, but as we neared the door of the cottage Charlie stepped out on the pathway. He looked a kinder down in the mouth, and I guessed his errand. He'd been to the old man to ask for Betsy. "Better luck next time," I said, grasping his hand. "Hope you'll be happy," he replied; "make her happy for old friendship's sake." With that he walked away. Ah! sir, I remembered those words in after years.

The day arrived for my departure. Betsy was badly cut up about the whole business. I treated it light, for, wasn't the journey to America worth the prize I should gain when I returned? The coach was to reach here about six that evening. Mother had Betsy spend the day with us, talked of our future, and tried to shake off the gloom of a last day at home. We dug up two saplings growing side by side and determined to plant them in the garden opposite my window. They were two young

healthy trees, sir. Look at them now—moss-covered and weather-beaten. We carried them home and planted them, and as I hushed up the tender-stems I took a piece of ribbon from Betsy's cap and tied it around, just to keep the trees together.

"When I'm away, girl, look at those and remember, as the saplings are fastened by that knot, so are our lives united by the bond of love," I said. Just as I spoke, sir, a storm that had been brewing all day burst over the village, and I clasped the trembling girl in my arms and led her into the house. At last the horn of the coach was heard as it descended the hill. I gathered my few things together; mother blessed me, Betsy clinging round my neck. I was unmanned, sir, so I shook her off as gently as I could, fearing I would break down, and hurried to the door. As I reached the garden gate I took one last look at the saplings. The rage of the storm had broken the ribbon and blown it into the hedge. I gathered it up. The frail threads of silk had severed, but the lover's knot was complete. I've worn that next my heart ever since.

I won't weary you, sir, with a description of my journey out to America. It was tedious work; all sail then, no steam. It will be sufficient for you to know I got the money, and, having made arrangements with the business men out there to have it sent home, I started at once for England. The ship was called the *Vera*, and was bound for Liverpool. I wasn't alone in the saloon. There was a poor widow who was going home to join her father. She had a little girl baby with her—such a tiny mite! And she was awful sick, too, was that poor woman. About ten days after we sailed a squall struck us. Lord, how the ship tossed up and down, and how bad that poor widow woman was. "We've sprung a leak," cried one man, "and she's keeling over" Then the scuffle began. "The woman first," cried the Captain, as the men lowered a boat. With that I dumped my companion into it, and, with the infant in my arms, sprang in myself. Four of the men followed me. "Cut her loose," cried the Captain; "don't wait for me." Those were the last words we heard from his lips. I was face to face with death. Twice our little boat was driven back on the rapidly sinking vessel; but Providence watches over all things, and at last we got clear. As our little boat breasted the waves and sped on, no one knew whither, we cast a last glance toward the ship. The battle was over, the waters had gained their victory, and the vessel, its captain, and remnant of his crew passed away.

It was then, sir, I realized our position, and clasping the little baby to my breast, I knelt in the boat and prayed for deliverance. I don't know whether it was fancy but I thought I could distinguish in the prattle of the child a prayer, too, and I am sure, from the coarse, weather-beaten seamen an "amen" escaped, while the poor woman repeated each word I uttered. The prayer brought us comfort and hope. The seamen worked with a will; the widow tried to smile, and the baby laughed and almost clapped its hands. Why will folks try to convince us poor ignorant men that there is no God? It was our belief that strengthened us then; so, I say, better believe something if it helps us, than believe nothing that does us no good. As night came on and the sea and wind roared and howled around, I told of the Ark and how He watched His chosen and saved them, and one of the sailors turned to me and said: "Me and my mates would ask you, sir, if you will be good enough to tell us some more out of that book and pray God, if it is His will, to land *us* on Ararat." So we passed that night in prayer, and the next, and the next, and many others. But the day of deliverance was near for one of us—I mean the poor widow woman.

Women are weak things at best of times, and privation tries them sorely. So with this poor soul. On the sixth day she called to me. I guessed her request, and complied with it. I could tell by the wasted form and dim eyes that the end of her troubles was near at hand. I promised to protect the child if I was saved, and in this the sailors agreed with me. It was a compact roughly made, but sacredly kept, and on the seventh day we consigned to its last resting-place the body of the poor woman, while we prayed that her soul would join its partner in the Heavenly Father's home As we lowered the body into the sea and the last word of our rough prayer died away, I looked toward the child seated on a tarpaulin. All unconscious of its bereavement, it was prattling away to a black wooden cross I carried around my neck at times. It was Betsy's gift to me the day before I left home, and as I gazed at this new charge my mind wandered to those who, like the babe, were doubtless talking of my return, all unconscious that I might never see them again. Then I fell to thinking of the home I had left, of the love lost, perhaps for ever! And for what? For money. I felt I had made my own scourge and must bear its lashes. The sea had calmed and the sky cleared, but my thoughts were sad. The excitement of our peril having passed away, gloom had set in—for me. As after the darkness comes the light, so it was with us. But the light was not pure—a doubt seemed to cast a shadow over our spirits. So far we had suffered very little except from cold; but how long we were to enjoy this state of affairs was our spectre. The provisions were becoming less and less hour by hour, and in their trouble the sailors appealed to me. I found out the reason afterward, and bowed my head. The word of the Lord had entered their hearts, and I had been the happy mouthpiece.

Well, sir, I was sitting, on the tenth day, thinking how I could deal out our food to the best advantage, the baby pillowing its little head on my breast and thrusting its little hands into the pocket on the inside of my waistcoat, when the sound "Land ahead!" brought me to my senses. It was true! There in the gray distance was land. In an instant every eye was fixed on that streak. What it was we didn't stop to think, but in every face could be read, "We are saved." No fear of massacre, no thought of enemies or robbers, entered our heads. Who would rob poor fellows like us? What advantage to murder the shipwrecked? We could see riding at anchor small boats of rough build. No! of a certainty we were saved! The sailors laughed and wrung each other's hands. I laughed and tossed baby in the air. Baby laughed and waved a ribbon over my head. A ribbon! The rascal! Why, sir, she had stolen it out of my pocket. It was the ribbon Betsy and I had tied round the trees the day I left to find my fortune.

All sorrow was banished from our minds, for that day at least, and we ate a hearty meal, the first in some days. Favored by a fair wind, our little boat traveled at twice its speed, or at least seemed to. I took the ribbon from the child, and, passing it through a ring attached to the cross, tied it round her neck, the unbroken lovers' knot under her chin. Now we began to turn our thoughts to what excuse we could make for our intrusion on this little kingdom. We could see in the distance a row of huts and men on the shore; presently a slight commotion. Evidently our presence had created some curiosity, for a boat was launched and made straight for us. We lowered all sail and awaited its arrival. Well, sir, when it came alongside I shall never forget our astonishment. Not one man could speak English. But they meant well, for they turned and beckoned us to follow. Then another set came out and took charge of our boat, while the first crew helped us ashore. The difficulty was to tell these wonder-stricken people who we were and how we chanced to come upon them. At last good fortune favored us. Finding themselves in as great a muddle as ourselves, they sent off a young man to the huts. Presently we saw a grey-bearded, strong-featured man coming toward the beach. He stopped for a second, looked intently at us, and again despatched the young man. This time he returned with some women. Following the old fellow, they approached to within four yards of where we stood. We were not long in doubt as to his position, for, raising his hands above his head, the grey-bearded man addressed a prayer to Heaven. He was their priest, sir. The women knelt and the men took off their skin caps, and we—well, sir, we joined the women and on our knees, and, in another tongue, returned thanks to the Almighty for our safety. One of our sailors stepped up to me and asked permission to speak with the priest. I told him he was free to do as he liked, but I feared he would not make himself understood. "I think he's French, sir," the sailor said, "and I was on the French line afore this voyage. I don't know much of the lingo, but I may help out a little." And he did. The priest understood most of what the man said. Our position was explained, and he told the women to give us shelter and food.

Now, I daresay, sir, you are wondering where we had landed. The place had no name. It was a rough portion of the coast, peopled partly by French and partly by Dutch. By a course of intermarriage nearly every sign of each nationality had vanished. I had often read strange stories about such places, but never believed them. Here was one before my eyes. No laws but those of right and wrong governed the actions of these strange folk; superstition and a fear of God shaped for them their way in life. But in this little colony, away from civilization of modern culture, purity of mind and worldly honor reigned over all. As soon as our first meal was over I noticed the men had collected on the beach as if in expectation of an arrival, so I followed my hostess, still retaining my little charge. As I took my place with the rest the priest joined us. The sailor had told him our history. He paused for a moment and beckoned me to step forward, took the child in his arms, and, pointing to the cross resting on the breast of the infant, related (as I was afterward informed by the sailor) to his people our escape, and how the emblem of faith clasped by the hand of innocence had found grace in the eyes of God and stilled the waters. At this the women reached forward to clasp the child, but the priest, waving them back, enquired of our comrades if I was willing he should make a selection of a woman to take care of it. Well, so long as I could see it whenever I pleased, I consented. You see, I had grown to love its little ways as if it were my own child. Lor'! With what pride a tall fair woman, by name Annette, received the babe from the priest after the unconscious morsel had been blessed, and what a grip her husband gave me. They were childless, and this wrecked orphan had come to them as a child of Bethlehem and of Nazareth.

A few days were sufficient for us to learn the customs of the settlement, and we set about building some huts. Every man owned his hut there, and lived on the fish and game he trapped. For a time the novelty and work kept my mind employed, but as this wore off I became homesick. So I determined to consult with our priest and ascertain what chance there was of ever reaching our homes again. With the aid of Jim, the sailor, I managed to make myself understood. At first I was afraid the good man would mistake my anxiety for a desire to escape; but no, he had thought of our position and awaited our inquiries before advising us to resign ourselves to fate. No vessel had visited that coast in years. For the first time I learned we were on an island. Chance might drive a ship out of her course, but no reliance could be placed on one visiting unless in search of fresh water. Patience and hope alone could aid us. Our island was to be our prison—the seas our warder.

And what think you were my thoughts? Well, sir, I dreaded to think. When I pictured my little home in England I became almost frantic. Then I sought the priest, and although I could not understand him, I knew his words were those of comfort and hope. So passed seven years that seemed like seventy. But our deliverance came at last. And thus it was: At night we lighted fires to keep off the wildcats and other animals that infested the island. A vessel bound for England, loaded with grain, had lost her way, and, being short of water, headed for land. A little parley with the captain and a promise of remuneration secured our passage, and with many a handshake and not a little remorse we left our island friends. Poor Annette! It was hard on her to part with the child. But my oath to the widow strengthened my resolution, and she went with me. After a few months we landed in London.

Up to this moment all appeared easy and plain sailing; but once on shore I realized my true position. I felt no difficulty in substantiating my rights to my inheritance. My long absence had not impaired my identity. But Betsy! Great God! she might be dead. My mother, too! Another incident, too, heightened my apprehensions, and prompted me to rapid action. As I left the dock I met Charlie Hill face to face. What an awful look he gave me! I asked of home, of Betsy, and my mother. He told me the latter was dead, and, glancing at the child beside me, said Betsy was safe and in good hands as he could see I had been. Then, with a jest about the constancy of man, he bustled off toward the shipping. My first impulse was to follow him. Then I remembered the day at the cottage, and turned away, convinced that he had not forgotten his disappointment. I was confident of Betsy's constancy and pitied him. I housed my little charge safely in London and found no difficulty in making myself known to the trustees in the city. The dry routine of business over, I started for Margaretting. The railroad was not open then, sir, but I concluded to leave the coach at the Red Lion yonder and visit, first, my mother's grave, and, if possible, send on a messenger I could trust to break the news to Betsy. I crossed the fields (you know them well, I am sure, sir,) and passed Farmer Poole's old barn. There I met my old companion, Sexton Chalmers. If I had been a ghost from one of his graves he couldn't have looked as he looked at me I asked him for my mother's tomb, and without one word he led me to it. It was a resting place for the dear dead tended by the loving live. In every feature I recognized the hand of Betsy. At the mention of her name, my father's old friend took my hand. It was not the grip of friendly congratulation nor the welcome of one come, as it were, from the dead; but the soft, soothing stroke of a sympathizer. I turned to ask him what was the matter, but without a word he led me to the vestry of the church and, "after opening a book," read in a voice full of tears one line I shall never forget. You'd never guess what it was, sir—so I'll tell you. Betsy was married to the man that was always behind time—to my chum that I parted from at the docks—to Charlie Hill! Sexton Chalmers told me how she had waited for my return; how, after three years, she consented; how this fellow had ill-used her, squandered what little money he earned and she possessed, and had but a few days before my arrival deserted her and gone to sea, leaving her as a legacy a son and his debts. I listened calmly to every word. The devil had got possession of me, and the thought uppermost in my mind was revenge. As I wandered toward my mother's grave I thought of a thousand and one little schemes, and at last I hit on one. I would seek the parson and get him to carry it out. How I laughed—laughed, sir, with death around me—when I thought of that scheme.

This was it, sir. I would bind the sexton and the parson to secrecy. I was to be dead to all who knew me in early life. I would draw money from the bank and place it in the hands of the parson. With it he should buy Betsy the most comfortable home she could desire. Her son should be educated; her life should be free from a trouble or a care; she should think it came from some benevolent friend who was sorry for her position. But she should owe it all to me—to me, who left the righteous love of an honest girl to seek the riches of an ungodly world. Now, sir, don't you think I had my revenge? And if her husband (I hate to say the word, sir,) returned, the property was hers, and the parson would be her protector. So I could turn my back on my home and friends, content that she, at least, and hers were safe. Again I say, sir, don't you think I had my revenge? My scheme was carried out to the letter. Both the parson and the sexton died keeping my secret as sacred as their own faultless lives, confiding it only to equally trusty successors. As for myself, sir, I went into business in London and thrived—happy in the love of my adopted daughter, whom I afterward called Betsy—she who was saved from the wreck. She has been the mainstay of my wrecked heart.

But life isn't all made up of money-getting; sometimes memory will carry us back to our old homes as yours has to your school-boy days. So it was with me. I heard this house was in the market for sale, so I bought it and have lived here ever since. For a time I managed to run it under an assumed name; but, bless you, sir, things will come out. Some one split on me. What a night we had when things were known! It was open house for all—Tom, Dick, Harry, Bill, everybody shook me by the hand and shouted with joy. Well, sir, when the fun was at its height and we were all—well, nearly so—I heard the handle of that door turn, sir, and entering slowly, leaning on the arm of a fine stalwart boy, bent in figure, but happy in countenance, my Betsy approached me. It was worth twenty years of life to me to see her once again. In my eyes she was as beautiful as when I left her. There was no wrinkle of care—no sorrowful eye. But she didn't know the cause; she didn't know she owed it to me. Ha! Ha! Ha! And she doesn't know it to this day! Ho! Ho! Ho! Now, sir, my revenge was complete.

Why don't we marry? No, sir. I love her now better than my life, and she is always to me the same Betsy of years ago, in spite of age and time. But do you imagine I could bear to think that she lived with me, fearing every knock at the door might bring with it Charlie Hill? She is still his wife; let her remain my friend. Better as it is. Nothing has been heard of him since he deserted her; but he might come back, and her place would be with him. I daresay we both feel it a little hard at times, but we have our consolation. It is this, sir. Look, here is the ribbon with which we tied those trees together. It is broken, but the lovers' knot is as firm as ever. The old trunks are wide apart—see, sir—those trees in front of Betsy's old home; but the branches of each tree are twining one around the other, drawing the stems year by year closer together. And now, sir, turn your eyes down the road. What do you see? A big, burly fellow—a bright, happy-faced girl—either supporting on an arm—my Betsy! That is her son, sir, and my adopted daughter. They are to be married soon. The blessing of the dying widow in the boat has been heard. These children in their happiness will draw our old lives closer together. That is my story, sir.

* * *

It is now many years since the foregoing was narrated, and Death has laid low many. I cherish this old man among the number. But his honest simplicity and nobleness of mind still linger with me. At times I would add a sequel to his story, and a vision rises before me. I picture in this quiet English village a modest festival in honor of the union of two young people. I see standing by the altar in the church an aged couple, hand in hand. I picture the Angel of God hovering over the sacred edifice, and uniting as surely the hearts of these young people as he united the hearts of those, parted but for a brief space of time to be doubly rewarded for the rectitude of their temporal careers in a world hereafter of eternal happiness. I can see the contentment of both pictured in the face of either of these aged lovers. I can see them, having run the allotted space of years, pass away and the messenger of the Almighty bearing their souls to an union in a land where the will of God is higher than the law of man. I can hear the young husband tell his wife the story I have told to you. I can hear the story of the old man's revenge told by the fireside to happy baby faces. I can see tears fall from mamma's eyes as papa recounts each incident. I can see small baby hands brushing them away, and through the casement of Heaven I can discern two faces smiling on this happy group, thanking Our Father that their earthly trials have brought about this result.

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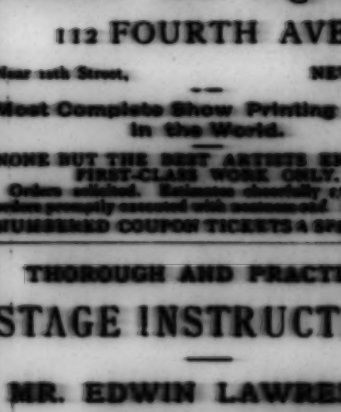

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PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

CHICAGO.

The past week has been devoid of special interest in theatrical circles, although three new plays have been produced—one in Chicago that is to say; but as quite a little over the audiences in attendance at all of them has been small. It is generally the case the week before Christmas when the people are spending lots of money for other ways. At McVicker's Mr. and Mrs. Florence have appeared in Paris, and have ably sustained their reputation as merrymakers. It is good to see the talented couple, even in so poor a farce as Paris, for their acquaintance belongs to a pure school of comedy, and they are not doomed to the misery to raise a laugh. This week The Mighty Dollar will be revived with the Florences in their old parts. Young Mrs. Winthrop, put by a Madison Square co., including E. J. Buckley, Laura Don, John Irwin and other well-known artists.

Daly's co. have played to The Square at Monday's, and have given a very pleasing performance; but it did not catch the fancy of theatre-goers. Miss Hanna is playing the leading parts with this co., but she was not well cast as Kate Verity in the Squire. She was overweighted, and felt the shoes of making the part as prominent and distinct a character as it was evidently intended to be. Fellow Round is to be credited with a manly and earnest piece of acting as Gilbert Hythe. This week, The Passing Regiment, cast to the full strength of the co., including George Parkes and D. G. Longworth. Jacques Kruger is specially engaged to play the part of Scipio. Edwin Thorne's Black Flag co. next.

George C. Miln has occupied the boards at Haverly's the past week, without special credit to himself or entertainment to his audiences. Mr. Miln has appeared in Richelieu, Hamlet, Macbeth, Fool's Revenge and Othello. In none of these has he shown any improvement over his performance of a year ago. At that time we said that there was the making of a good tragedian in Miln, but the year's work and study which he has had has, apparently, only served to intensify his defects, not oblige them. Where he stood before, he now bellows. His amateur stride has become a strut; he bales, moves space, turns, strikes an attitude, and spouts, all with the precision of a soldier on parade; and a close study of his performances failed to detect one single touch of nature. Mr. Miln must throw off his self-consciousness and learn to speak blank verse, or his aspirations are doomed. This week Roland Reed, in Cheek, to be followed, 30th, by Rosina Rye, and then Henry Irving.

At the Grand, Prince Methusalem has had a fair second week. The pretty lot of girls in the chorus and the fun of Wilms and Raffin serve to make the audiences overlook the musical shortcomings. This week, Sol Smith Russell in Edgewood Folks. Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels return 30th.

The Olympic, with The American Four as the attraction, has not suffered lack of patronage. Joe L. Sullivan's Mahoney's Ruffle co. come during Christmas week.

Neil Burgess, at the Academy, may congratulate himself on having drawn the largest houses of the week. His Mrs. Tully is one of the funniest things on the stage, and, what is rare nowadays, he has a company of actors to support him. The play is full of "characters," and each one is well done. The circus burlesque scene, with the revolving stage, is no doubt a good thing, if the horse is not balky and is used to the treadmill style of locomotion; but one of the audiences in attendance came away disappointed, because the "hoss" was frontless and wouldn't "go." The Lyceum opens Christmas eve with Castle's Celebrities, and a packed house is assured. The Standard opens New Year's eve with Fay Templeton's Opera co. Coup's Chicago Museum offers new attractions every week that are better than the previous ones, and the people continue to go there in crowds.

COLORADO.

DENVER.

Tabor Opera House (J. S. Last, manager): The Jeffreys Lewis co. closed their engagement 16th, and left direct for San Francisco, where they will play a six weeks' engagement at the Baldwin. Business was not very good here. The Bostock Ideal co. opened 24th to a good house, presenting Fatinitza. Ten operas will be produced during their week's engagement.

Academy of Music (W. I. Buckley, manager): The Boston Operatic Minstrels opened 17th for two nights to splendid houses. The troupe is fair. The principal attraction is Miss King. Queen Esther will hold the boards remainder of week.

Items: The Berlin Ladies' Orchestra opened at Germania Hall on the 16th and played to a large audience. The ladies are good musicians.—The Elks' social on Sunday night was largely attended by the Club and invited guests. During the evening John Titus, the treasurer, was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane.—The Earle co., who attempted to perform picture plays here, met with a reception of rotten eggs in Leadville last week.—Manager Buckley, of the Academy, is visiting surrounding towns to arrange another Colorado circuit for theatrical troupes.—The Chicago Church Choir co. laboured under a great many difficulties during their engagement here. The co. is very good, but the entire troupe was suffering from severe colds, contracted while travelling. Mr. Barnes was absent, and Mr. Hart was ill during the engagement. They expect to return about a month hence and will endeavor to give better performances.—Loveland, Col., is building an opera house, and a good one. The building will be completed inside of three months.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD.

Roberts' Opera House (W. H. Roberts, manager): Hazel Kirke, 17th, to a good house. C. W. Couldock, Hopper, Mrs. Davenport, Ada Gilman, Maude Odell and others were all good. Rice's Surprise Party presented Pop, 21st, to a fair house. The Boston Theatre co. presented the spectacular play of Jalma, 22d, afternoon and evening, to rather light business. It is nothing to be compared with the many successes that the Kiralfys have given us. Wilson Redwood, as Jalma, was good, but the support was very poor and the ballet very ordinary.

American Theatre (W. S. Rice, manager): An excellent show was given last week to large business. Master Rossie, the boy contortionist, made a decided hit. Department: Master Frank Rossie, Connors and Kelly, Lew DeWitt, Ed. Elwain, Wally De Forest, Duncan and Christie Perry. Week of 24 opened with the Gray and Stephens Burlesque co. in Roughing It.

Central Theatre (C. H. Cole, manager): Business has been fair this week and co. good. Week of 24th opens with Cayce and Hughey, Harry and Lizzie Richmond, J. Arthur Gray, Mlle. Annie Austin, Billy Diamond and Prof. Austin.

ILLINOIS.

ALTON.

City Hall (W. Walker, agent): Hi Henry's Freedom Minstrels, with a superb band and orchestra, thoroughly pleased a fair audience, 21st. Co. good in all features.

Items: There will be a poor showing for any kind of co. in this city for a few weeks to come.—E. M. Lockwood, the gentlemanly agent of Hi Henry, created a very pleasant impression here.—Query: Is it Lillian Spencer? Why have the co. "vealed" so long in St. Louis, and how is it that the newly-minted paper heralds the fair Lillian? Is it a sell, or was the Springfield Times and the Pittsburg scoution a hoax?

PEORIA.

Grand Opera House (J. B. Barnes, manager): C. B. Palmer's Danites co., 12th and 13th to fair houses. Rentz-Santley appeared the 14th to a crowded house.

KENTUCKY.

LEXINGTON.

Opera House (R. S. Marsh, manager): Wilbur Opera co. in Marmion, 11th, and Olivette, 12th matinee and evening, to fair business. The Josephine Bailey co. gave good performances to only fair business in Twelfth Night, 17th, and Pygmalion and Galatea, 18th. Fred. Paulding deserves especial mention as Pygmalion, his acting being very fine. Lizzie May Ulmer gave a fine performance to good business in '49, 20th.

LOUISVILLE.

Macauley's Theatre (John T. Macauley, proprietor): Mr. Jefferson and his excellent co. made the past week a most rich one. The performance of Dickens' Cricket on the Hearth was the most delightful piece of comedy imaginable. Mr. Jefferson presents poor, amiable old Caleb with his own inimitable touches of pathos and humor, and makes a character long to be remembered. Florence Jackson, with her ludicrous impersonation of Lily Fairlamb, assumes and wins the favor of the audience. She is overloaded in her business. An honest attempt to double is a distinguishing feature of Jefferson's performances. The minor characters in his plays are exceptionally well and developed by competent actors, who often divide honors with the star. While this does not allow the coveted false lustre to the star, it makes a smooth, finished and artistic performance, and pays from first to last. The business during the week was [illegible] and crowded. This week, Lights o' [illegible]. A Parisian Romance Jan. 7. James [illegible] (W. H. Hollist, manager): After [illegible] nights to rotten business, Claire [illegible] engagement and declined to perform [illegible]. A severe cold recently contracted [illegible] severely announced by the [illegible] changes in her support [illegible] herself to short engagements. [illegible] will be able to avoid

Opera House (John T. Macauley, manager): Closed this week and next. Jan. 10, Wyndham, three nights.

Buckingham Theatre (J. P. Whalen, proprietor): The Two Johns Comedy co. during the week played to large audiences. Stewart and Hart are favorites in their line of business and give a very enjoyable performance. Specialty artists fill in the programme. Rose, Evans, Bryant and Bray, the Mahoneys, in The Bank Agent. Goodrich and French, in Double Life and James Brothers, next.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT.

Whitney's Grand Opera House (C. J. Whitney, manager): Brooks and Dickson, by their liberal management, have won a reputation for producing entertainment in faultless fashion, and their play, Her Atonement, presented for the first time in this city week of 17th, is no exception to the rule. The thrilling situations, the picturesque groupings, and the military band, drum corps and police platoon, combined with the large dramatic co., to make the performance pleasing. Their week's business was excellent. Edwin Thorne's Black Flag co., week of 24th.

Detroit Opera House (Charles A. Shaw, manager): The first half of week of 17th was given over to the Howard Athenæum Specialty co. It is a first-class co. and was received with large houses. Baker and Farron were easily the remainder of week in Government House and Chris and Lena, to good business. Marie Prescott, week of 24th, in Cerise and Vera.

White's Grand Theatre (Foster and White, managers): The well-to-use Pat Rooney and his New York Star comb. played to large audiences, 17th, 18th, 19th, and gave a first-class specialty performance. William Stafford played Stephen, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet and Othello, to great advantage and large houses, 20th, 21st, 22d. His acting in each was superb, although his voice is not of the best. He is supported by a large and well chosen co. and liberal costumic and scenic accessories. Flushton and Edwards' Flying Dutchman, first half of week of 24th, and the Rentzan Opera co. last half of week.

Park Theatre (James F. O'Neill, manager): C. S. Sullivan's Female Minstrels were given week of 17th, to large business. Crandall and Eastwood's Specialty co. next week.

Item: Manager C. A. Shaw has returned home from a trip through Canada.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Power's Opera House (Wm. H. Powers, manager): Owing to the heavy drought on our theatre-goers last week, and the holiday season being now at hand, the theatrical patronage has been very light during the current week. J. R. Crossen's co. played the Banker's Daughter the 15th to slim receipts. The co., while comprising some good people, did not compare favorably with other companies that have previously played the same piece here. A Diamond Mystery was given by E. M. Gardner's co. the 17th to poor business. Daisy Ramsden's Polly was the only redeeming feature of the performance. Rentayer and Barton's co., in Hiz's Fix, the 18th, drew a fair-sized, but well pleased audience. There is no gist whatever to the play, but the specialties introduced by R. E. Graham, John Gilbert, Harry Blendgood, C. A. Steadman and Kate Foley were well received. Mr. Rentayer, whose name appears prominently on the bills, was least prominent in the performance. Marie Prescott made her first appearance in this city as a star the 19th and 20th, playing Cosha, the Jewess. The lady made a prominent hit, the audience calling her before the curtain after each act. Business was not what it should have been, but the good impression made by her will not be forgotten by our people when she visits us again. The supporting company was evenly balanced. Our Summer Boarders, 22d; Gardner's Karl co., 31st and Jan. 1; Flockton and Edwards' Flying Dutchmen, 2d.

Redmond's Grand (E. P. Thayer, manager): No attraction at this house the past week. Sol Smith Russel, Jan. 4; Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, 5th; New York Opera co., 8th.

Items: John Gilbert, who narrowly escaped being burned to death at the Newell House fire in Milwaukee, some time ago, joined Rentayer and Barton's co. here.—The Banker's Son will be produced at Powers' the 2d by local talent.—Sid. C. France is drawing crowded houses at Smiths'

ADRIAN.

Adrian Opera House (C. M. Cresswell, Jr., manager): Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, 14th, played to the largest house of the season. It was pronounced by all the finest minstrel show ever presented to an Adrian audience.

MUSKEGON

Opera House (F. L. Reynolds, manager): Marie Prescott, in Cosha, 18th, to small audience, owing to counter attractions of a local character. Our Summer Boarders, 29th.

EAST SAGINAW.

Academy of Music (S. G. Clay, manager): Mestayer and Barton's Hiz's Fix, 20th, to fair house.

Item; Minnie Hauk concert co., billed for 18th, was obliged to cancel dates at the last moment and return to New York, on account of the illness of the prima donna.

LANSING.

Buck's Opera House (M. J. Buck, manager): Emma Abbott, in Chimes of Normandy, 13th. The house was full and the applause liberal. Seguin as Gennaio, Allen as Gaspard, and Castle as the Marquis were particularly well received.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL.

Grand Opera House (L. N. Scott, manager): The Stoddard Lectures (John L. Stoddard) 17th, 18th, 19th, drew good houses. Silver King co. Jan. 1, week.

Seventh Street Opera House (George W. Thompson, manager): Attraction, week 17th. Liverman's Colored Minstrels, to fair business. Coming attractions, week 24th, drama, The Sunny South. Georgie Woodthorpe and George S. Gray with a new and increased stock co.

Conley's Theatre (E. P. Hilton, manager): Fair week's business. Entire new co. of specialty artists coming week.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Grand Opera House (J. F. Conklin, manager): Rice's Trevestie co. in Fun on the Bristol, 17th, 18th, 19th. The co. won the distinction of playing to the smallest business that any co. has ever had at this house. Haverly's Silver King co. week of 24th.

—Peace Opera House (George W. Thompson, manager): Charles Howard, supported by the stock co. in Uncle Remus, and McNeice and Martelle and Baughman and Aldine in the olio made up the bill for week of 17th, business poor. The Klimi Comedy co., in Fun in a Boarding School, week of 24th.

Items: J. W. Peace, owner of Peace Opera House, left for California last week and expects to spend the Winter there.—George S. Gray has joined the stock co. at the Peace.—The price for the gallery at the Grand has been reduced from 50 cents to 25 cents; a good move.—C. P. Spaulding is once more in charge of the box-office at the Peace.

MISSISSIPPI.

VICKSBURG.

Opera House (Piazza and Botto, managers): Happy Cal Wagner's Minstrels appeared for the second time this season, 17th, to a large house.

MISSOURI.

MEXICO.

Kabrich Opera House (A. Armstrong, manager): Robert McWade came 15th, in Rip Van Winkle at matinee and Franz Herschelle night. Grau's English Opera co. came 17th, in Mascotte, to a large house The co. is a good one and deserves success. Should they come again they will have standing room only. Hi Henry's Minstrels Jan. 4.

NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON.

Taylor Opera House (John Taylor, manager): Rice's Surprise Party, 17th, gave their usual excellent performance to a large house. During the second act, as Miss Castleton was leaving the stage, after responding to numerous encores, she was stopped by Mr. Mackay and brought to the front of the stage and addressed as follows: "My dear Miss Castleton, allow me for a few moments to drop my stage character and appear to you in my proper person. You have, as we all know, many friends everywhere, but none who are more sincere than those who are in front of you, and I have been deputized by the directors and attaches of the Opera House, members of the city press and dramatic correspondents, to present you with this elegant clock; and it is also not only the wish of those whom I represent, but of myself as well, that these hands may make many circles and many years pass over your head ere Father Time makes his fatal call. A few remarks would be timely, and there is no time like the present." Miss Castleton was much surprised and deeply affected, but managed to respond shortly as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen, this unexpected gift is so much a surprise that I have not had a chance to prepare my little speech. My heart is too full to say any more; but for gentlemen sake don't say I told you." The clock is a large ebony cabinet, with a cathedral gong, mounted with a bronze figure of a rearing steed, in all over two feet high. Mr. Mackay was afterward presented with a gold-headed rosewood cane, and responded, at first feelingly, then humorously, commenting especially upon the esteem in which the Surprise Party is held at Trenton. The Madison Square Rajah co. presented that fine comedy and to a good house. The cast was excellent throughout.

Grand Central Theatre (John Winter, manager): Business for past week was poorer than for some time past. Announced: Another drama, The Two Wanderers, with specialty people.

NEWARK.

Waldmann's: The Atlantic and Trans-Atlantic comb. did a fine business last week. This week Manager Waldmann is running his own co., which comprises The Four Seasons, Lizzie Isley, The Electric Quartette, Pounds Three and Emery Knight, The Four Flowers, Riley and Alice Payne, the St. Felix Sisters, and Sam and Hannah Hollywouth.

Park Theatre: Kate Clinton came 20th, 21st, 22d, in Sea of Ice and Two Orphans. Barnum fair. Haverly's Minstrels, 26th, 27th; Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, 28th, 29th, in Otto

NEW YORK.

ALBANY

Leland Opera House (Mrs. Charles E. Leland, manageress): The Tourists, 17th, 18th, 19th, did not succeed in attracting very large audiences, and the co. is not as strong as heretofore. During the latter part of the week a detachment of the Madison Square forces presented Esmeralda in charming style, but to only moderate houses. Ben Maginley, Louise Dillon, Joseph Wheelock, and, in fact all, were good in their respective parts, and the production as a whole would compare favorably with former occasions. For Christmas week the attractions are: A Parisian Romance, Tuesday and Wednesday and Christmas matinee, followed for the remainder of week by The Power of Money.

Music Hall (Mrs. Charles E. Leland, manageress): Mgr. Cagel delivered his lecture, Art in Religion, on Tuesday, 18th, to a comparatively small audience. On Thursday evening, 20th, and remainder of the week, the New York Opera co. sang the Queen's Lace Handkerchief to fair business. This was the first production of the opera here and it was well received. The cast, including Louise Searle, Fanny Redding, J. S. Greenfelder and Gustave Amsdell, sang and acted admirably and were repeatedly encored. The chorus was thoroughly drilled and strong-voiced and responded with vigor and solidity to every demand made upon it.

Leventine's Theatre (V. V. Leventine, manager): The mantle of charity has been so often called into requisition to cover the shortcomings of professional and other people, that a recourse to it is to be avoided, except in a case of absolute necessity. But in the performance of During Dick, the King of Highwaymen, at this theatre last week, by Fanny Herring and co., the necessity is apparent and over them we will drop the folds of the aforesaid garment and leave the rest with time. A good bill is promised by the management for the current week, including Parker's Dog Circus.

Items: The "getting ready for Christmas" had its effect on the theatres last week and audiences were notably small.—The Leland will be closed on Christmas Eve.—Subscription lists for the Thomas concert, Jan. 9, will be opened, 24th. The Christmas Mirror was much admired by its numerous readers in this city.

BUFFALO.

Academy of Music (Meech Brothers, managers): The Power of Money comb., 17th, 18th, 19th, played to very small houses. Young Mrs. Winthrop, the latter half of the week, felt the effects of the holiday season, yet drew very fair houses. Rhea commenced a week's engagement, 24th, opening in The School for Scandal. Dennan Thompson, New Year's week.

Wable's Opera House (Emil Wable, manager): Arthur Rehan's 7-20-8 and Ada Gray divided last week. Moderate business fell to their lot. The Howard Athenæum co., 24th, 25th, 26th, to be followed by A Parisian Romance, with Richard Mansfield as the star.

The Adelphi (Joe Lang, manager): Harry Miner's excellent co. played to big business all last week. The Rentz-Santley burlesque comb. are entertaining full houses the current week.

The Music Hall (Meech Brothers, lessees): Callender's Colored Minstrels, week of 17th, played to large houses. Some nights they nearly filled that large building. Excelsior, fresh from Niblo's, is the Christmas week offering.

Bunnell's Museum, at St. James' Hall, continues to attract good-sized audiences.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS.

Comstock's Opera House (F. A. Comstock, manager): Salsbury's Troubadours had a fair house Monday night and a light one Tuesday. Their new play, Three of a Kind, has some very good points, and is likely to prove a success. The Hoop of Gold had fair houses Friday and Saturday. Some of the scenery is fine, but the play is rather "come off." Ferguson's Friendly Tip, 26th, 27th; Ranch 10, 28th, 29th; Monte Cristo, 31st and Jan. 1.

Grand Opera House (Joseph Miller, manager): Oliver Doud Byron, in Across the Continent, had a good house, 19th. Jack's Rentz-Santley party gave a show full of "chestnuts" to big house, 20th. Buffalo Bill played to light business, 21st and 22d. This is the first time he has not turned money from the door here. Nat Goodwin, 31st and Jan. 1.

DAYTON

Music Hall (Larry H. Reist, manager): Oliver Doud Byron, supported by Kate Byron and a good co., presented Ten Thousand Miles Away, 18th, to good business. Byron never appeared to better advantage. His portrayal of the Ferret is, indeed, a finished piece of acting, and by it he won a well-earned encore at the close of act third. The co. is good and gave the best of satisfaction. Salsbury's Troubadours produced, for the first time in this city, their new farcical comedy, Three of a Kind, 20th, to a large and well-pleased audience. The Troubadours are great favorites here and are always greeted by a large audience. Three of a Kind, though of little plot, serves as an admirable vehicle to display the varied specialties of Nate Salsbury and Nellie McHenry, which is sufficient for an evening's entertainment. Thomas Jackson, as the ancient but gushing Priscilla Prism, was "real" funny as the meddlesome, uncharitable and selfish maiden. Kiralfys' Black Crook, 21st, to the largest male audience of the season.

Items: Jennie Calef and co. were here during the entire week "reorganizing." They start out again on the 31st, opening in Evansville, Ind.—The Christmas Number of The Mirror had many calls, the newsdealers being out an hour after its arrival.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON.

Owens' Academy of Music (I. M. Barron, manager): Herne's Hearts of Oak, 17th, to fair business. Haverly's Minstrels, 22d, to good business. Rose Eytinge, 31st; Leavitt's Gigantean, Jan. 4. Manager Barron is still making improvements in the stage of the Academy, and when finished Charleston will have the most complete theatre South of Baltimore and North of New Orleans.

CANADA.

MONTREAL.

Academy of Music (Henry Thomas, manager): Richard Mansfield in A Parisian Romance filled the week, 17th. His Baron Chevrial is a fine piece of acting, especially in the supper scene. The star has an excellent support. Business good. After the performance Friday night Mr. Mansfield gave an entertainment entitled Our Musical Party, in which he gave some clever imitations. This also failed to draw.

Theatre Royal (J. B. Sparrow, manager): Hyde and Behman's Specialty co., week of 17th, drew fair houses. There is nothing in the performance worthy of mention. Harry Miner's Comedy Four, week of 24th; Denier's Humpty Dumpty co. week of 31st.

Items: The sale of seats for Patti up to the present has been very large, but for the two nights on which Gerster appears they have not sold so many.—Another dime show has been opened, made up principally of the Hill and Gaylord comb., which broke up here some weeks back.—Christmas Number of Mirror just to hand. It is very handsome.

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House (G. R. Sheppard, manager): Young Mrs. Winthrop, by a Madison Square co., 17th and 18th, to fair houses. This was the first presentation of this charming play here, and the excellent acting of the co. was a rare treat. Howard Athenæum co., 20th, 21st and 22d, filled out the week to good business. The co. gave a first-class variety performance. Ada Gray, 24th, week.

Item: Christmas Mirror just received. It is without a doubt the finest special number yet issued. Compliments of the season.

LONDON.

Grand Opera House (J. M. Lathrop, manager): Callender's Minstrels came 14th, to good house. The entertainment gave entire satisfaction. Pat Rooney presented his specialties 20th, to fair house. Pat and Miss Katie were the principal features. New York Opera co. play Queen's Lace Handkerchief New Year's day, matinee and evening.

GERMANY.

DRESDEN.

Dec. 9, 1883.

Lovers of music in Dresden have had, and still have, reason to be happy. We have heard Wilhelmj and Rubenstein, and now Joachim is here. He gave a concert a few evenings ago, at the Hotel de Saxe. The hall holds eight hundred comfortably, but a thousand tickets were sold, and many could get none. He intends visiting America next year, I believe. Mr. Mapleson has returned with his band, after a very successful season in the Netherlands, and the Gewerdehaus concerts have begun again. We had last night, at the Royal Theatre, the beautiful opera of Undine, with Mrs. Schuch, Mrs. Scholler and Bula, Erl, Riese, and other favorite singers. The public are enthusiastic, and we are to hear it again.

At the Neustadt, an old comedy, The Ball at Ellerhaus, has been revived, and draws full houses. Two of the best actresses have left the Court Theatre—Miss Link, whose place has been partially filled by several new actresses, and Miss Arnat. Both have married. The latter is, I believe, the wife of the actor, Barnay. Mrs. Ehnenwich has been playing for some time at the Residenz, and after her came the Meiningers, who are still here. They have given the Winter's Tale, than which I never saw anything finer; The Robbers, The Victory of Hermann, which is a very realistic tragedy, carrying us back to a time when the Germans were little better than barbarians; Schiller's Robbers, The Witch, by Fitzer, which is one of the best modern German comedies, and seems that for the most popular in their repertoire. One can only say of the co. that it comes as near to perfection as possible in every respect, even to the smallest details. Perhaps one reason of their great success is that, by their contract, even the very best actors are often obliged to take very unimportant roles. The Policemen of the Winter's Tale appears the next evening as a common soldier, and Lessing is transformed into a very unimportant personage. The indefatigable Karl, of the Residenz, has been playing The Retter Student at Plauen, and has returned looking very happy. He has also many good things in store for the Winter season.

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"Down, down to Hell, and say I, Richard, sent thee."

ACT II.

The Wooing of Lady Anne.

"I can smile and murder while I smile."
"Divine perfection of a woman."
"To undertake the death of all the world, that I might live one hour on that soft bosom."
"Was ever woman in this humor wooed? Was ever woman in this humor won?"
"I'll marry her, but I'll not keep her long."

ACT III.

The Coronation.

"Why don't she die?"
"I'd have you tell the world I dote upon you."
"The meddling world will call *that* murder."
"*Long live Richard*, England's royal King."

ACT IV.

The Throne at Last.

"Stand all apart."
"I'd have the bastards dead."
"Rumor it abroad that Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die."
"Thou troublest me. I'm not in the giving vein."
"My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken."
"OFF WITH HIS HEAD! SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM!"

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ACT V.

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